

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Repeal of the Navigation Laws.

It is not a little singular that while the Secretary of the Treasury in his annual report was reiterating the recommendation he had formerly given to Congress, to modify or repeal our Navigation Laws, the National Board of Trade, meeting at Cincinnati, should, with much more completeness and elaboration than Mr. McCulloch, be urging similar views upon the attention of the Convention. Practical men will, no doubt, prefer the report of the National Board of Trade on this subject, to that of the Secretary. Not only does it represent the opinions of shipowners, who have naturally a very intimate knowledge of all that

Protection has done, and failed to do, for them, and whose renunciation of all clogs and fetters on their trade, in whatever guise these may come, has, at least, the merit of sincerity, but it is free from any suspicion of being prompted by political or partisan motives. Besides, whatever special knowledge the Secretary has on this subject, must have been derived from the men who, of all others, may be expected to have most carefully wrought out the problems, commercial or political, which concern it, because their interests are most closely identified with its being rightly understood. Such were the men who represented at Cincinnati the shipping interests of the United States, and the cogency of their arguments

may be estimated by the fact that their report was adopted by the Convention by a vote of 68 to 2.

At the risk, we fear, of tiring our readers, we have frequently alluded to the injury which was inflicted on our shipping interests by the existing Navigation Laws. The portion of these laws which is now found most burdensome to our industry, is that which forbids the granting United States Registry to any vessel not built and owned in the United States. Thus our capitalists and merchants are excluded from the most lucrative part of the Atlantic freighting and passenger trade, namely, that by steamers; and this, because, for various reasons it is needless to repeat

here, screw steamers can be built far more cheaply in Great Britain than we can build them. No other country in the world insists that its citizens shall trade at the same disadvantages as ours. The French and Germans buy screw steamers wherever they are cheapest—that is, in England. They place these steamers on lines running from their own ports to ours, and carry freight, passengers, and mails to and from the United States, and our citizens are forced to see a lucrative trade taken away, as it were, from under their noses, because our stupid and irrational Navigation Laws forbid their buying steamers on equal terms with their rivals.

The only plea ever advanced in favor of



HOLIDAY WEEK.—A FASHIONABLE GROUP AT AN OPERA MATINEE.—SEE PAGE 243.

these restrictive laws is, that they protect American industry, by insisting that American ships shall be built by Americans alone. It is quite possible that but for recent events the fallacy which lurks in such arguments might not for some years to come have been exposed by the logic of facts. These events were the invention and perfection of screw steamers, and the transfer of our shipping to the protection of foreign flags during our civil war.

While our shipbuilders were bringing the science of shipbuilding to perfection (we speak of a period between the discovery of gold in California and the breaking out of the war), the mechanics of England and Scotland were turning their attention to iron steamers, and with such success, that when our own lines of sailing packets with Europe were, in part, broken up, these steamers supplied their places. It is, however, we think, capable of demonstration that the injury done by the war to our mercantile marine merely hastened what was in the nature of affairs inevitable at no distant day, namely: that steam should supersede sail in the trade between this country and Europe. It is certainly quite natural to suppose, that if any great destruction of property took place, every kind of industry connected with it would be stimulated to replace its loss. If a fire were to destroy half of our city, would not every handicraft employed in housebuilding receive an extraordinary impetus? Why, then, after so many vessels had been lost to the American flag, and after hostilities had ceased, did not our shipbuilders find a large increase of work in replacing the vessels that had disappeared? Simply, because foreign-built steamers, which had been for some time gradually encroaching on our Atlantic carrying trade, to an extent our pride would scarcely allow us to confess, were ready to do the work of sailing packets, and did it, in fact, more rapidly and safely. These steamers we may not buy, we cannot build, and, therefore, the profits on neither inward nor outward freights, mails or passengers, enrich our citizens, but swell the dividends of the foreign companies, who gladly occupy the field our ignorance or false pride has left open to them.

A very simple calculation will show the relative positions of steam and sailing vessels. A screw steamer will make nine voyages in a year between New York and Europe, and a sailing vessel, three. One steamer will, therefore, do the work of three sailing vessels. Of such steamers, one every day, on an average, leaves this port, equivalent to twenty-one sailing vessels, and besides this, the tonnage for freight of these steamers is much larger than that of our average sailing packets. We venture to say that in the palmiest days of our prosperity the sailing of twenty-one ships weekly, averaging 1,800 tons each, and continued month after month, was unknown. How the cargoes of these steamers are made up is a different, yet most interesting inquiry.

We have been asked, What benefit to our shipbuilding interest would accrue from allowing our citizens to buy, and register as American, foreign-built vessels? An illustration may be better than an argument, or, perhaps, the best argument in reply. At one period, within the last twenty years, our clipper ships were eagerly purchased by the English, who had recently abolished the Navigation Laws, which were fast ruining their shipbuilders. The superiority of our models was apparent. Imitation was the next step. Their builders were stimulated to launch ships which should outstrip their models. Then came such trials of speed as are witnessed every year between the first tea-ships from Shanghai to London. The trade received an impetus which has sometimes been checked, but never wholly lost, and which has extended from sailing ships to steamers.

With a large fleet of ships, numerous repairs must keep many shipyards busy. We will not dogmatically assert that such would be the precise steps by which prosperity would return to us; but the principle is the same; and it is very certain that no nation can possess a large mercantile marine, and have its shipyards idle year after year, as ours have been, and still are.

It is most important that this matter should receive the instant attention of Congress. With the opening of the Pacific Railroad, it is reasonable to expect that the trade with the East will receive a new impetus; at all events, the new route from China to Europe will be fully tested. Who shall do the carrying trade of the Pacific? We may rely upon it that, if it is worth having, these large English screw steamers will compete fiercely for it, and then our heavy wooden sidewheel boats may as well stay at home. But give our enterprising merchants leave to buy screw steamers wherever they can be had cheapest; cease insisting that they must build if they desire to own them, and we may yet regain on the Pacific the laurels we have lost and are still losing on the Atlantic.

Young ladies are generally honest—but they will look dress.

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac for 1869,

64 pages, price 30 cents, formerly 50 cents, with 4 beautiful chromo-lithographic pictures, superbly colored, and fully equal to oil paintings. These have been selected from the most popular works of Louis Lang, and other celebrated painters; besides 60 beautiful engravings, and 64 pages of interesting reading matter.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Preliminary Notice.

With the advent of the new year we shall commence the publication of a Journal, to be entitled,

"THE NEW WORLD."

We intend making our new paper a model of its kind, founded upon our long experience of what the public require.

For a more extended notice of the design of our new Journal see advertisement on page 254.

The Suez Canal.

To THE student of geography, there are few phenomena more singular than that both in the New and in the Old Worlds narrow strips of land, of about the same width in both, should be the sole barriers to short and easy communication by water between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans in the one case, and the Mediterranean and Eastern Seas in the other. It would be a problem more curious than useful to consider what would have been the effect on the civilization of the world if channels of navigable water had existed in place of the Isthmus of Panama and that of Suez, and how long the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn might have remained undiscovered, if the necessities or ambition of the early adventurers had not compelled their circumnavigation in order to reach Cathay. A far more practical, and therefore more popular task, is to trace out the possible future effect of the artificial cutting through of the Isthmus of Suez, which is now in progress, and that of a similar work in Nicaragua, which the next generation will probably witness. But it is not a little remarkable that, although the piercing of the Isthmus of Suez, or at least the opening of a navigable water route from the Nile to the Red Sea, has been from remote ages the dream of enthusiasts, it should never have assumed the practical shape it now has, till the necessity of it was almost superseded by the modern invention of railroads.

The works on the Suez Isthmus have proceeded so far, that it is quite certain that if no unforeseen event, such as war or natural disturbance, takes place, the end of next year will see an uninterrupted navigation through the canal for vessels of small tonnage from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. But vessels of the class drawing fifteen feet are not such as are employed in the trade of Europe with the Indies and China, and only a local, and therefore a very limited trade will, for some time to come, avail itself of the new route. The canal, we are told, will, when completed, be three hundred feet wide at the top, one hundred and fifty feet wide at the bottom, with an average depth of twenty-four feet, and therefore capable of affording passage to the largest class of steamers. Its length is one hundred miles, though the distance from Port Said (the Mediterranean terminus) to Suez is one hundred and fifty-four miles, the difference between these figures arising from the fact that part of the water communication is by means of natural lakes, which have been deepened and banked up, whereas the works on the canal proper fill up the spaces between these lakes and the sea, and occupy about one hundred miles.

The length of time now consumed in the transit of passengers from Port Said to Suez is twenty-four hours, which is just the time required to transmit passengers and mails from Alexandria to Suez by the railway via Cairo. But as Port Said is one hundred and twenty-four miles to the eastward of Alexandria, it follows that the route to Suez by the canal is about twelve hours longer than by rail. In both cases two transshipments are now required; and, therefore, the canal will not, we imagine, be able to offer superior inducements to the railway in shortening the route to India, until it is made navigable for ocean steamers, which will thus be enabled to save the transshipment of cargo, passengers and mails. When that time will come, no one seems able to predict. To make a canal fifteen feet deep has required an expenditure of over eighty millions of dollars, the first estimates having been forty millions. No one can venture to estimate what the cost of

its enlargement to the dimensions suitable for a real ship canal will be. Certainly it will be nearer a geometrical than an arithmetical progression on the sum already expended.

Even supposing the original design of a veritable ship canal carried out, it is difficult to see how it is to be made a financial success. Probably it will never be that; but we need not, therefore, conceal our admiration of the genius that conceived the work, the audacity that pressed it upon the public attention, and the energy and perseverance that have carried it forward in the path of success. It is whispered, however, that the enterprise has as much a political as a commercial significance. It was undertaken originally, and has been carried on exclusively, by the French, and if it was hoped to restore by it the prestige of the French name in Egypt, which was visibly dimmed when England opened and dominated the overland route to India, it is generally admitted that, so far, it has been a success. We are ignorant, however, of the precise nature and extent of the influence which France has obtained in the East in consequence of her control of this stupendous work. Her interests in the East Indies and China cannot for a moment be compared with those of England, either in number or magnitude; and yet, it is only in facilitating trade with those countries that the Suez Canal finds its legitimate use. Yet the question recurs: Why should France open a road to India for the almost sole use of England, and in rivalry of a parallel line of railway, already owned and worked by English capital? The incidental extension of her name and influence among the miserable Fellahs of Egypt, and at such enormous expenditure of treasure, too, affords no adequate reason for prosecuting such a work. If there were any idea of levying a toll on the lucrative commerce of Europe with the East Indies, surely the French mind is acute enough to perceive that the idea, first, feudal, and then, buccaneering, of levying tolls on mankind, by seizing and holding commanding positions, is a thing of the past. If the canal (when finished) become a necessity for the world's commerce, the world would have it, not at what it cost France to construct, but at what it was worth to commerce. Such, at least, would be the tendency of events; leaving out of calculation what would be the results of a war, when the canal would fall into the hands of the strongest naval power.

But as the canal will probably be a failure, financially and politically, so, we conceive, in an engineering point of view, it is out of date. As Bob Acres says of dams, canals "have had their day." They are superseded by railways. We do not deny the possibility of making a genuine ship canal, for ships as now built; only, seeing that such a canal has never yet been dug, even through the short cuts of the world, Suez and Panama, while railways have been established over both, we doubt whether it ever will be. The railways which are now spanning this continent—our own Pacific, and that through Honduras—are protests against this Suez Canal; even if they do not prove formidable competitors with it in the trade with China. Our space forbids our fully carrying out the contrast between canals and railways. As regards construction, a few inches of the former require more time than miles of the latter; in fact, over fifteen hundred miles of Pacific Railroad will have been made and put in running order, while only a few feet of this Suez Canal have been excavated. Again, as the strength of a chain is that of its weakest part, so the capacity of a canal is that of its shallowest part; and, while a broken-down train is quickly removed from a railroad track, a sunken vessel in a canal may take weeks to raise so as to allow free navigation.

We cannot regard the Suez Canal as other than a mistake, and while granting that, if finished according to its original design, it may materially shorten the route to the East Indies, we have grave doubts whether it ever will be completed, and, if completed, whether France will reap the benefit of the toil and treasure she has expended, or enjoy the glory she deserves.

"Honest Quaker!"

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON is like one of those useful articles known as water-rams, which work all the time, day and night, in season and out of season, sending out "a washy, everlasting flood." He has been spouting again. This time at Brighton, in a speech in which he laid down this proposition, or, rather, made this appeal to his English auditors:

"But I say—and, in friendship, I have tendered that advice to Lord Stanley—that if I were a British citizen, and had the power exclusively in my own hands, I would pay every dollar of what are known as the Alabama claims at once, because the principle which will be established, if there is no such payment, will be a principle which, in the future, may operate most injuriously and most fatally to the commerce of England. In a war between your country and any other, your vessels, which cover every sea, and that vast and enormous wealth which is carried under your flag, would be exposed to the ravages of any freebooter who might receive a commission from any neutral nation. And then your loss, your loss in money—I won't say in character, for your character you can never lose—your

loss in money will quadruple, ay, arithmetic will be unable to calculate how much it will exceed the whole amount, if you paid every dollar of the Alabama claims."

We believe that, if Great Britain lost anything from our interference in our late war, it was character, properly defined. She certainly lost no money, and we do not see why we should be anxious to save her from entertaining her own foul birds when they come home to roost. By all means let her experience the logical workings of her own "principle" of action! What are called the "Alabama claims" do not represent one-fiftieth part of the real damage inflicted on us by "British neutrality." We hope General Grant will withdraw the so-called claims, and let British precedents stand.

We thought Mr. Johnson went abroad to represent American, not English interests. It is all very well, and natural enough for John Bull, after having cheated roundly for eight years, to propose to his victim, "Now, old fellow, let us have fair play!" As we happen to know this "little game" now, we propose to make ourselves even.

Loss of the Steamship Hibernia.

THE details of the calamity which has befallen this ship, as transmitted by the cable, have been before the public for some days past. As we write, two out of the five boats that left the ship before she sank have not been heard of; and no one can refrain from lifting an earnest prayer for their safety to Him who rules the winds and the waves.

It is desirable, however, that public attention should be drawn to the contrast between the leading incidents connected with the escape of passengers and crew from the sinking ship, and those which marked the loss of some of our own steamers, most notably the Arctic and the Evening Star. The terror, the panic, the confusion, to which are justly attributed the melancholy loss of life attending the sinking of these ships, had no place on board the Hibernia. Yet nothing was wanting which could tend to produce the wildest alarm. The ship was seven hundred miles from the nearest land. A gale of wind was blowing, and a heavy sea running. The injuries received were of so disastrous a kind, that it was apparent that no efforts could keep the ship afloat, and she must sink, and that, too, very soon. The ticklish task of lowering the boats was safely accomplished (we recommend Mr. Mew to investigate closely the details of this feat); each was amply provisioned; officers and crews were appointed to each, and when the ill-fated ship sank, which she did very shortly, everybody had been safely transferred to the boats.

When we come to inquire to what this brilliant achievement was owing, we find that it must be attributed to the power of discipline. It was the discipline which the officers exercised over the crew, which made them, even in the hour of supreme danger, attentive, obedient, and self-denying. We have no wish to revive the sad memories of the wrecks of the Arctic and Evening Star, but no one can avoid the reflection that if only a part of the discipline practiced in the Hibernia had been found in them, every life, humanly speaking, might have been saved. All honor, then, we say, to the system which prevails on these screw steamers, and which we are happy to believe is common to all the lines running between this port and England! No human foresight can prevent disasters such as that which disabled the Hibernia, but it is given to man, by the calm and wise exercise of his faculties, to lessen the worst horrors that can befall vessels at sea, and to rob the ocean of its prey.

Matters and Things.

BAYARD TAYLOR tells us, in a letter from Rome, that Pope Pius IX. bids fair to outlive many more reports of his approaching death. Although in his 77th year, he is still robust, and goes through his Easter performances with little appearance of fatigue. His large, fresh, amiable face is almost unwrinkled; his voice is still powerful, and his muscles so elastic that he mounts the manifold staircases of the Vatican on foot, rather than be carried about on his portable throne. But, in the belief of the people, his singular semi-opaque blue eyes have a power of harm which increases with his years. Babies are kept out of the way when he passes through the streets of Rome, and the most of those upon whom his glance happens to fall make "horns" with their fingers held behind their backs, to ward off the evil influence.—The radical reformers in Judaism in this city are bold in their innovations. At the close of the service, on Thanksgiving Day, at the Temple Adath Jeshurun, in the place of the usual hymn or psalm, the choir performed the "Star Spangled Banner," a lady taking the solo, assisted by a good chorus and the organ.—It is said that the school officers of Philadelphia have resolved to substitute newspapers for the reading-books now used in the public schools, and that many intelligent people approve of the plan. It is claimed that such a course of study would interest and improve the youthful mind, which is apt to grow weary of the history of wars that ended hundreds of years ago, and of kings whose tombs are unknown. "Congressional debates, State affairs,

wars and their causes, accidents, floods and fires, great public improvements," we are told, "are subjects upon which the youthful mind will feed much more profitably than upon beautiful orations, or pathetic fancy writing."—The whole area of the Philippine Islands is 12,900 square leagues; the population in 1851 was 3,800,000; the net produce from three sources of revenue, tobacco, spirits and tribute, was in 1849, 3,681,693 dollars. Spain draws, or has drawn, no inconsiderable sum from the Islands. But a terrible earthquake in 1863 and other disasters have lately curtailed the surplus.—We hear from Buenos Ayres that a company had been formed, with the sanction of the Government, to export live cattle to Europe; the endeavor to establish a trade in dried and cooked meat not having succeeded. For this new enterprise seven large steamers are to be built in England, fitted to carry 1,200 head of cattle each, and to distill 8,000 gallons of sea-water every day, and to accomplish the voyage from the River Plate to England in twenty-five days.—In the horse the bones grow until the animal is five years old, while in man the bones continue to be developed for 20 years. There is a relation between the age to which any animal might live and the number of years during which that animal continues to grow. A man may live 130 years, and a horse 25, and even 50 years. By great attention to diet the life of a horse or a man may be prolonged, but we cannot, by any means yet discovered, extend the period of growth. It is injurious to subject a horse to hard work before he is five years old, as the ligaments which unite the 130 bones of the animal are thereby hindered from properly fixing themselves to the frame. The muscles of a fine horse ought to be very thick and very long.

An English contemporary very justly says of Ireland, that "Nature has restricted the fertility of the island to pasturelands and children—two kinds of produce eminently inconsistent with each other. She has denied to it the contiguous possession of the two minerals which have enabled England to weather perilous conjunctures and protracted wars. There are no great iron-works, there is little coal, there are few great factories, in Ireland." And of the Irish: "With such a people it is difficult to devise any practicable line of policy, for the reason that they so little regard any practical standard of national wealth. What can one do with men who seek, toward the close of the nineteenth century, to avenge the sufferings endured by their great-grandfathers at the beginning of the eighteenth, and who menace the overthrow of the British Empire in retaliation for the destruction of the barbarous sept of a thousand years ago?" Does the "chivalry" see any lesson of profit in the history of Ireland?

The Postmaster of New York objects to lamp-post boxes large enough to receive newspapers, because they would be full in five minutes. Everybody would be sending off their newspapers after reading them. We do not know if the Postmaster meant to do it, but he could not have propounded a stronger argument, if he had tried, in favor of placing newspaper-boxes on every corner, and as large as a barrel.

A DAILY contemporary proposes to remedy in part the corruptions of our elective judiciary by this expedient: "The Legislature might provide for a system of circuits throughout the State, so that no judge shall preside in the district in which he is elected, but shall be kept moving from point to point through the State during his term of office. A judge elected in New York would thus hold court in the Western part of the State, and a Western judge in New York; and so on. The assignments might be made every year by the Court of Appeals, or by the Governor. The former method would be preferable, as more likely to be free from political bias."

The Dramatical and Musical Week.

At the commencement of last week, the best light comedian—although the appellation we give him, must, by no means, be understood to limit the range of character in which he excels—upon our stage, made his reappearance, after an absence from it of more or less than twelve months.

We mean Mr. Lester Wallack. Possibly, he may not be as excellent an artist as in former days. Management may have somewhat tampered with the ease and sparkle of manner which were once so perfect. But, let us frankly own, that on the American stage, we have now no artist who, in the line we have named, can be considered as on an equality with him. The two pieces in which he made his re-appearance, "Two Can Play at That Game," and "The Folies of a Night," in which he took the parts of Howard Leslie and Peter Pallet, supported in either case by the excellent artists of the company at Wallack's Theatre. The audience was large and refined, testifying to the high esteem in which he is artistically held by the public.

The New York Theatre has given us a version of "La Barbe Bleue," rendered into our own vernacular by Mr. Baker.

Sophie, Irene and Jennie Worrell took the characters of Blue Beard, Fiesette and Boulotte, with a pluck and impudent dash, which was very telling. In both these qualities, however, Lingard as King Robeco outdid anything in the way of sheer burlesque which has yet been seen. His get-up was magnificently absurd, and may be considered as even more ludicrous than his acting. The rest of the characters were very clearly worked up as nearly as it was possible to his level, with one or two exceptions, who seemed grimly incapable of attempting to equal his superb absurdity. "Blue Beard" was a complete success.

Madame Von Baerndorf took a farewell benefit at the Stadt Theatre, upon Monday, as Donna Diana, in the German play of that name. As one of the first actresses, next to Fanny Schick, we have had upon the German stage in this country, she must undoubtedly be ranked. She has established herself as a favorite from her first appearance.

The first of the series of Matinal Concerts given by Signor Severini at Steinway Hall, took place last week, and the second followed it on the day that we go to press. This young vocalist is a tenor, with a remarkably feeling and agreeable voice. As a singer of the

English ballad, he developed his sympathetic voice with an excellence which at once won him a cordial recognition from the audience, as an artist of distinct and individual talent. The series are bound to make a decided hit for this gentleman—we employ the word in its clearest and most positive sense.

At the Central Park Garden, a grand Christmas Festival was inaugurated on last Tuesday, the 15th of the present month, under the direction, as we presume, of Mr. Gosche, which has daily thronged that pleasant idling place.

Theodore Thomas's Sunday Evening Concerts have commenced at Steinway Hall. To say the first two were entirely successful, would be superfluous, to those who know the admirable constitution of the orchestra which obeys the baton of one of the best and most accomplished conductors this country has yet known. We would also most strongly call the attention of our readers to the commencement of his Symphony Societies, the first of which was given upon Saturday, December 12th. To the cultivated musical taste, which appreciates orchestral performances of a high order, these Societies are possibly even more attractive than the Philharmonic Concerts, owing to the thorough union of feeling between the conductor and his orchestra. We recommend them most cordially to all who are capable of enjoying the highest and grandest form of instrumental music.

Tammany—or should we not say Tammany Hall?—is undergoing a metamorphosis; for is not, and will not Tammany itself, to the end of the days, be always the same?

Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer have laid their sacrilegious hands upon the new Wigwag, and have been for the last few weeks transmitting it into one of the most elegant Theatres in this city. Nor will it be merely a Theatre. Conversation Rooms, Smoking Saloons, Promenade Lobbies, a Cigar Turbine, the original "Punch and Judy," and Heaven only knows how many minor attractions, are to combine with them in supporting the Ballet and Burlesque Companies which are to form the leading parts in the Carnival of Amusements which Tammany is henceforth to offer to the citizens of the great metropolis of the New World. Verily, we are in a progressive age. Who would have dreamt that the Old Tammany should ever become a New Tammany, with a stage bib and tucker? Yet, so it is. Even the sternest Republican will scarcely refuse to laugh at "Punch and Judy," and applaud Bonfanti, even if they do make their appearance upon the modernized boards of a place which was intended to be consecrated to the obsequies of a dying political party.

At the Philadelphia Academy of Music, the masked ball of that city, called "La Colerife Carnivale," is to take place on January 11, 1869. It will be under the management of its early projectors, Messrs. Abel and Rislev, and bids fair to be the leading subscription gayety of the coming season, as it has before been. It deserves to be so, on the score of the energy and original ability invariably displayed in its management.

ART GOSSIP.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have issued a treatise on "The Modern System of Painting in Water Color," from the pen of Mrs. Elizabeth Murray. An excellent authority in all matters relating to the practice of this branch of art, Mrs. Murray lays down clearly and simply, in the pamphlet referred to, the methods by which the difficult material of which she treats can best be handled. Some of the directions given by her will be found new and useful even by artists who have attained considerable proficiency in water-color painting. The present treatise is limited to the portraiture of a head and certain accessories. It appears, indeed, to be but the first one of a series, and in this view of the matter we hope to hear again from Mrs. Murray before long.

There is now to be seen in the Art Gallery of the Derby Athenaeum a striking picture from the pencil of Mr. H. C. Bisham. The scene revealed is a desert, in the foreground of which lies a dead lioness, with the broken shaft of a spear protruding from her side. Over her stands a majestic lion, gazing wrathfully in the direction which the hunter may be supposed to have taken. The composition is well and boldly conceived, a fault in it being, however, that the face of the lion is too exactly in the centre of the picture, and given too much in front view. It has evidently been carefully studied from life; but the expression infused into it by the artist is that of reproach rather than of rage—which latter would be more characteristic under the circumstances. In this work Mr. Bisham displays power of no common order, and it is safe to predict for him success in the field of art selected by him for his culture.

"The Bryant Homestead" is the subject of a picture lately finished by Mr. John A. Hows, and now being chromo-lithographed by Messrs. Fabronius, Gurney & Son. It is a faithful and accurately painted view of the birthplace of William Cullen Bryant, the veteran poet and journalist—an old family mansion, shaded by trees, between the stems of which glimpses of pleasant pastoral Massachusetts scenery are visible. On the evening of Wednesday, December 16th, a private view of this picture was given in the gallery of Messrs. Gurney, present at which were a great number of well-known artists, journalists and literary men, each of whom was presented with a carte-visite photograph of the poet whose homestead was brought so truthfully before them by the painter. The chromo from this picture will soon be ready for publication.

There is much charming sentiment in a small picture entitled "The Good Sister," painted by Mr. S. J. Guy, and to be seen in the winter exhibition of the Academy of Design. It represents an infant sleeping in the arms of a young girl, who herself has fallen asleep. The picture possesses much merit, for color as well as for expression.

In the same galleries we notice a picture of "New York Bay," by Mr. Samuel Colman, in which the subject is treated with much poetical feeling and rich color.

Of Mr. G. H. Bingham's two pictures in the Academy exhibition, we like best the "Bryton Flower Girl," which is sweet in expression, and painted with much power. The "Norman Fisher Girl," by the same artist, is forcibly drawn and painted; but the blue shadows in the flesh tints are too dark for natural effect.

BOOK NOTICES.

We do not think that in the wide world a writer can be found more popular with children than Captain Mayne Reid; we are sure that none are better qualified for the task that the gallant soldier-author has assumed—that of editing a magazine for the youth of America. The very title, "Onward," appeals irresistibly to the buoyant, aspiring heart of Young America, inhaling the spirit of progress in the free air of their vigorous native land. With the first number (January), Captain Reid commences an original story, "The Lost Sister," the production of his own gifted pen. It is one of those inimitable tales of romance and adventure that have made this author's name a household word with all young people who read the English language, and with many others, indeed, for Captain Reid's novels have been translated into many languages. All the articles in "Onward" are original, and the number before us is prettily illustrated, and, in every respect, just the thing for a Holiday companion.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, December, 1868.

Who would have imagined that the first victims of the Reform Bill of 1867 would be its real authors and champions, although accepted and passed by a Tory administration? Yet so it is, for Gladstone

and John Stuart Mill were badly beaten by their constituents, and were it not for the exceeding foresight of one Mr. Bennett down at Greenwich, Mr. Gladstone would have no seat in the next Parliament, of which he will be the Premier! It is a custom not practiced nor well known in America of running a candidate for two districts, thereby giving him two chances. If Mr. Gladstone had got in for South Lancashire, then there would have been a new election for Greenwich. The Tories, though badly beaten, the Liberals having a clear majority of one hundred and twenty in the next Parliament, are, or pretend to be, much elated at the defeat of the chiefs of the Opposition, and claim that, as before, the educated rich and solid classes are Conservative. A little barber near Covent Garden, who gave a very good shave for a penny, told me this morning that his business was not good, and the elections had not improved it any.

Among the popular errors of my American fellow-citizens, is, that they are more progressive in their ideas, more enterprising, readier to adapt modern improvements, than Europeans, especially more than the English. To a such, a few facts about London. Firstly, it increases in size and population faster than New York, Chicago, or any American city, and as for architecture and embellishment, really, any American breaker-in have not commenced it. Just look at their magnificent new Meat Market, inaugurated with splendid ceremonies three days ago, erected on that very Smithfield Market which has been the bane and nuisance of London for centuries. Fifteen hundred gentlemen sat down to a feast in the space of one street, which traverses the market from north to south, all under a high vaulted glass roof. Its dimensions are colossal, covering many acres, and beneath it, under ground, five railways converge, and discharge the dead carcasses, which by hydraulic power are raised to the market-stalls above. As for cutting broad streets through thousands of houses, widening old ones, and laying out new parks, those are continually occurring. The most notable, just now, are the works about the ancient Temple Bar, in behalf of the New Law Courts.

By Act of Parliament the Court of Chancery was permitted to employ two millions of dollars of its vast accumulated moneys in erecting a Courthouse wherein the laws of the metropolis might be administered, in lieu of the score of scattered and unworthy buildings about town. The site chosen is the space between Lincoln's-Inn Field and Fleet street, necessitating the purchase and raising of a hundred houses, including, among other landmarks, Temple Bar, which is a stone arch gate, where the western walls of the city once stood; and to this day the Queen goes not through it without first asking leave of the Mayor and Council of London. The Cock, famous in Johnson and Goldsmith literature as an eating-house, is also doomed, and will not survive its prouder neighbors. The design of the new building is truly grand and magnificent; but one cannot help regretting the location, for, like the Houses of Parliament and Somerset House, it should be in a commanding spot on the banks of the Thames.

I had practical experience lately as to the distinction between Solicitor and Counsel or Barrister. My opinion was desired on a question of American law in a case in Chancery where forty thousand pounds were involved, and on the final determination a million and a quarter sterling hung; our client was in receipt of a hundred thousand income per annum, and my elaborate opinion was rewarded with five guineas! And it alone will carry the case—if it is gained at all! It would not be easy to get into a case where a liberal fee would be more properly awarded or demanded; but demanding a fee by a counsel—there's the rub. He cannot demand a penny, and whatever he gets is a pure gratuity from the solicitor—as honorarium. Ergo, the contentment of solicitors in their obscurity, for they get the money, while but a few barristers, of eminence, earn more than a living, and many are in want. Unless a barrister has a private fortune, he can rarely get on, and then only with brilliant talents. It is said that Mr. Edwin James, now in New York, had a practice worth twelve thousand pounds per annum.

Business in the Courts is dispatched with rapidity unknown in New York tribunals. Two months is the limit of delay to motions, and the Judge shows no favor to those moving for postponements. No case need be in Chancery more than a year. I think it cannot be disputed that there is a greater certainty of justice in the London Courts than can be looked for among us in New York. The Judges are always selected by the Crown, for their talents and integrity, and are far removed, in the life tenure of office, from the temptations which surround the elective judiciary. But it is said that the present Bench is inferior to any other in the past history of England, although there are notable exceptions. But by some chance, a spluttering, fussy fellow named Kerr, Commissioner and Judge of a high Criminal Court, is an instance of the fallibility of the Crown in choosing judicial officers, affirming the doctrine that the people are quite competent to pick for themselves. And Kerr is, by no means, the only Judge whose decisions and sentences the Queen has to make haste to annul, for the Queen is certain to raise a hullabaloo in every instance of gross error, which her Majesty must re-consider.

A tender-hearted stranger can have little pleasure in London, by reason of the ubiquitous mendicants and petty peddlers, ragged, dirty, sick, emaciated, imploring for half-pence! There is no escaping them; and I have no hesitation in declaring that not in Naples, or in any place renowned for its beggars, have I seen one-half as many as in this great rich city of London. And it is officially declared that these wretches increased in the past year at a fearful rate—one hundred thousand last year having risen to one hundred and fifty thousand this year! Only to think of it! Try and think of one hundred and fifty thousand wretched, starving human beings assembled together! And all this in spite of the noblest and most generous charities that Christendom can show! But before the Christian era there is no record of a hospital or a public charity. Really, it makes one's heart ache to contemplate the mass of misery here in London, which is quite beyond our power to cure or alleviate but for the passing moment. The devices, the arts, the tricks resorted to by the unfortunate to keep themselves within the pale of decency and civility; the selling of matches, the exhibition of trained dogs, monkeys, birds, mice, to say nothing of that most annoying army of boys, men and women, who will, whether or no, open the door of your cab or carriage, all appealing to your charity, and for the half hour taking away one's pleasure! Here, indeed, of all other places, may one say, is the battle for life! One hundred and fifty thousand unhappy creatures struggling to keep breath in their miserable bodies, and full one-half of them willing to work, and there is no demand for them! Moral—Bad government.

CHRISTMAS CONTRASTS.

Our picture is a simple Christmas sentiment, telling its own story, and almost deprecating the aid of written words to point its moral. The moralist might write chapters on the theme, but the human heart, at Christmas time, needs not the pen's eloquence to feel the realities pictured in our engraving.

Holiday Week—A Fashionable Group at an Opera Matinee.

The habits of the Opera in this city, that is, those who have eyes to observe the performers on both sides of the curtain, will recognize the group represented in the engraving on our front page. We do not mean to say that the individuals portrayed by our artist are, in their flesh and blood individualities, actually in attendance at every matinee, but our picture certainly presents types of characters that are always to be seen on such occasions. Let us, we introduce them as personages with whom the fashionable world of the metropolis is familiar; and their his-

tory is so eventless, their existence so monotonous in its successions of pleasure, extravagance, display and well-bred dissipation, that we need enter into no further comment.

The Grand Army Reunion at Chicago, Illinois, December 15th and 16th.

The intention of the recent reunion of veterans, at Chicago, is briefly explained in the following notice:

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 30, 1868.

Notice is hereby given that the societies representing the Armies of the Tennessee, Cumberland, Ohio, and Georgia, will meet on the 15th and 16th days of December, 1868, at Chicago, Illinois. The object is purely social; and designed to preserve the memories of the war, and to cherish the friendships formed during that period of our national history. All are cheerfully invited to be present and participate.

An orator has been appointed for each army, and addresses will be delivered on the night of the 15th of December, and a grand banquet will be held on the night of the 16th.

Letters of inquiry may be addressed to General Wm. E. Strong, Chicago, Illinois, who will attend to all preliminary business until a joint committee of arrangements has been appointed to carry into effect the above plan. W. T. SHERMAN, Lieut.-Gen. U. S. A.

In accordance with the purpose of this call, from all parts of the republic the brave defenders of the national integrity assembled at the designated city. The presence of Gen. Grant enhanced the interest and solemnity of the occasion. The participants of this festival comprised officers of every grade, from the general to second-lieutenant. The hotels were crowded with these laureled heroes, and many were the greetings between old comrades, and many were the memories of battle-fields, and march, and bivouac, that were awakened. At an early hour on the 15th of December, the representatives of the several armies assembled at the various places designated for the transaction of the business connected with their organization.

On the evening of the same day, the grand reunion of the armies was held at Crosby's Opera House, the auditorium and stage being appropriately decorated with military emblems, and with the banners and insignia of the several corps. The effect was grand and imposing, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. Major-General Thomas presided, and introduced Lieutenant-General Sherman, who delivered the following address of welcome:

"FELLOW SOLDIERS: It is made my pleasing duty to address you this evening in words of welcome for deeds that have been spread before you. From the city and from the country, from the town and the village, you have come together, the representatives of your grand volunteer armies which responded to the country's call in her hour of danger, and fought her battles, sometimes side by side, and sometimes far apart, yet always in union. At her bidding you returned to your homes as farmers and as mechanics, as citizens, and, after a short rest, you have again assembled, as it were, upon a pinnacle to look back toward that vale wherein you struggled so long; to point out to each other the spots of greatest interest, and to live over again those hours and days and months of deepest anguish or of joy, and to know that you have laid aside forever the feeling of animosity and anger which you may have entertained; and that you have dropped into oblivion the little jealousies and rivalries of the hour. You now stand here with hands extended in fraternal friendship, who have ever gloried in the right to defend the flag of your country. On land and sea you have fought for the Union of our fathers, and the flag of our whole country. No more self-glorification now animates you, but just pride in your own actions, and deep, intense love of the comrades who stood by your side in the hour of deadly strife, and shouted with you in the hour of victory. Happily, my friends, you did not belong to that class of our people in whose hearts was planted, from youth, the pernicious doctrine of State power; that the citizens should love a part of the country better than the whole. You were reared in a better school and taught to reverse the Constitution of the whole country, and to love the wise influence under which is assured the largest measure of security and happiness consistent with the safety of the whole nation. We believe that in this we have a panacea for ills that have from the earliest history of the world ravaged and afflicted the human family. But we were no exception to the general rule, that minorities will not always bow peacefully to the decision of the majority, and found that we must maintain the privileges of our birthright by force. You may search history in vain for a more flagrant violation of faith than that which resulted in our civil war. Never were a people more ruthlessly, more unwillingly dragged into a long and bloody conflict; never was a nation so utterly unprepared for the attempt. To prepare for the danger was called cowardice, and the whole civilized world was taught to believe that the broad stripes on our flag were to be trailed in the dust, the stars sunk forever from view, and that our fair fabric of Union was broken up beyond recall. Our attempts to reason were laughed at; our laws were decided to scorn, public property was seized, and a war begun. Men wasted their eloquence in vain attempts to avert the storm. Statesmen exhausted the last peaceful remedy, and not until this time was the last arbiter resorted to. The volunteer soldier then stepped forth into the field, and offered his life and his service to defend and maintain the Government against all its enemies, and swore an oath that rebellion and anarchy should not rule this land, but that liberty, justice, and law, should be restored to their rightful throne. He has kept his word, and you now behold the good ship of State again full rigged, and once more on her course to a glorious future."

General Birknap then spoke to his comrades of the Army of the Tennessee.

General Charles Croft then delivered an oration of an hour's length on the Army of the Cumberland. His discourse was principally devoted to the consideration of the following topics: 1. The prominent characters of the rebellion. 2. The origin of the Army of the Cumberland, and its exploits in the great struggle for the life of the Republic. 3. Its peculiarities as a distinct army in the field. 4. The teachings of war.

General J. D. Cox spoke, at length, for the Army of the Ohio.

General Cogswell spoke for the Army of Georgia; he detailed the march to the sea, in which his army bore a conspicuous part. This was followed by the "Refrain" by the band, taps by the drum corps, and the audience dispersed.

On the evening of the following day, the officers re-assembled in the immense hall of the Chamber of Commerce, and partook of a splendid banquet, General Sherman presiding. General Grant, General Thomas, and many other distinguished generals were in attendance.

There were nine immense tables, bearing the devices of the generals of the Armies of Virginia, the Ohio, the Cumberland and the Tennessee, and the commander of the Gulf Squadron, and memorials of the war. After an hour or more had been exhausted in discussing the bill of fare, speeches followed.

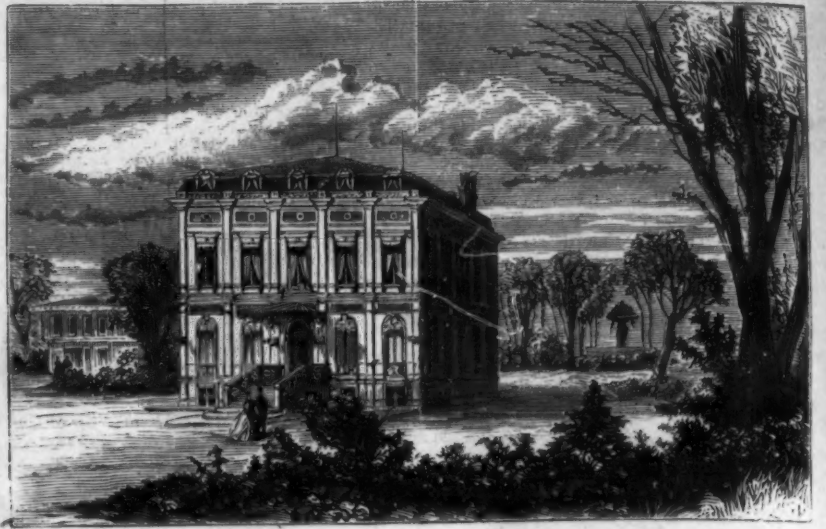
General Sherman, the President, commenced with a few appropriate remarks, then followed the toasts and responses, and amid the greatest good humor and cordiality, the company broke up at a late hour.

Our engraving represents the scene at Crosby's Opera House when General Sherman arose to deliver the address of welcome.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 245.



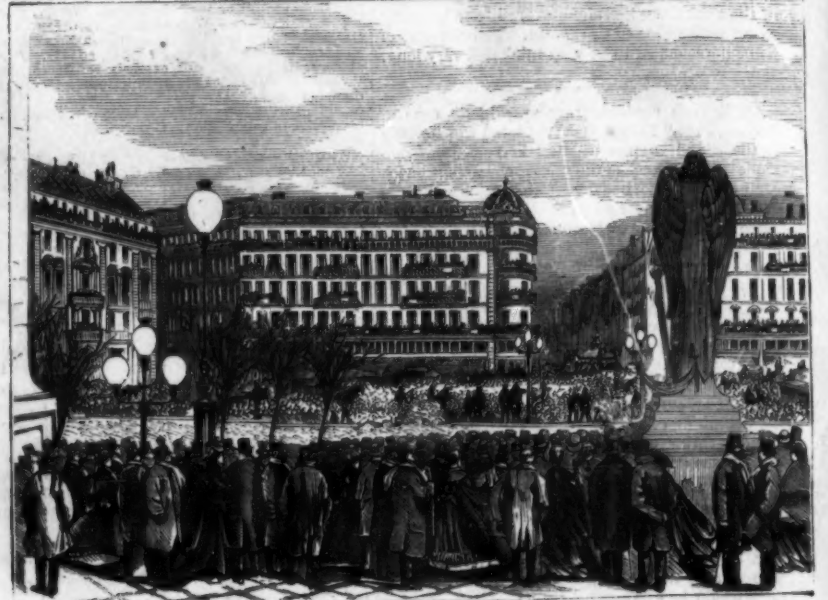
THE TOMB OF THE ROTHSCHILDS, AT THE JEWISH CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE, PARIS.



ROSSINI'S HOUSE AT PASSY, NEAR PARIS.



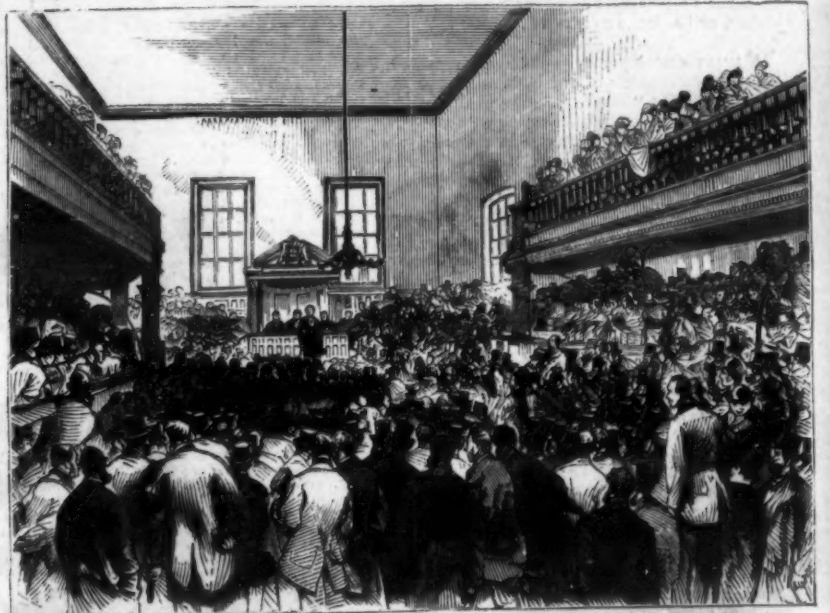
THE FESTIVAL OF MEN-AT-ARMS, AT NEUCHATEL, SWITZERLAND.



THE FUNERAL OF ROSSINI, PARIS—THE CORTEGE LEAVING THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY.



THE FRENCH COURT AT COMPIEGNE—THE EMPRESS AT TEA IN THE CHINESE SALOON.



THE GENERAL ELECTION, ENGLAND—THE NOMINATION OF MR. DISRAELI, AT AYLDURBY, FOR DUCKINGHAMSHIRE.



RECREATION OF THE FRENCH PRINCE IMPERIAL AT COMPIEGNE.



THE GENERAL ELECTION, ENGLAND—VOTERS ARRIVING AT THE POLLS.

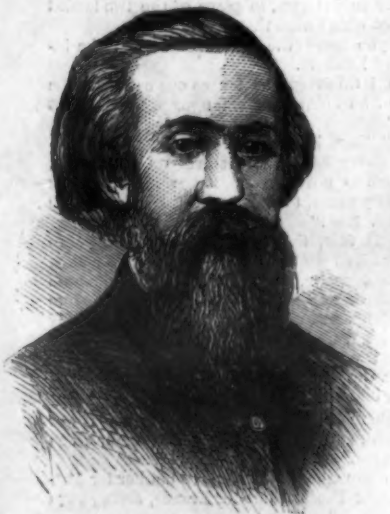


SKATING AND SLEDDING IN THE IMPERIAL CIRCLE, AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS, FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 254.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

The Tomb of the Rothschilds.

The tomb of the Rothschild family, at the Cemetery of Père-La-Chaise, in Paris, is adjoining that of the celebrated tragedienne Rachel. It represents a monument in the form of a chapel, of lofty proportions denoting the opulence of those for whom it is intended. On the stone that covers the vault is placed a basket of rare flowers; in a corner a low chair invites the visitor who comes to reflect in that abode of death. The tomb has been prepared to receive the last of the five sons of Meyer, of Frankfurt, of whom the eldest, Nathan, died in 1836; Charles, of Naples, in 1855; Solomon, of Vienna, in the same year, during a voyage to Paris; Anselm, chief of the house at Frankfurt, also died at Paris, on the 6th of December, 1855, and the Baron James de Rothschild has recently been gathered to his fathers.



REV. J. S. B. HODGES, D. D.—SEE PAGE 247.

Madame de Rothschild, the mother of the five above-mentioned, died in 1849, at ninety years of age.

Festival of the Men-at-Arms, at Neuchâtel, Switzerland.

The ancient "armorers' fête" at Neuchâtel, which had for some time been allowed to fall into desuetude, was revived on the 31st of last October. The origin of this public holiday is thus related: Between the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Counts of Savoy, who possessed the territory on the southern banks of the lake, at present represented by the Cantons of Vaud and Fribourg, were unable to contemplate without envy the towers and turrets of the old castle of Neuchâtel, which commanded the town. Long consideration had brought them to the conclusion that it might easily be taken by surprise, if only a few determined retainers could be introduced within its walls; and the result

was, that on a certain day, some boats were seen on the lake, approaching from the direction of Yverdon, whence they had brought a present of a few tuns of excellent wine for the Governor's table. These tuns

fortress, fancied they heard a strange sound in one or two of the big casks, and ran off to tell their fathers, who at once snatched up such arms as they could most readily find, and went up to the castle, lighted by the

but blood, and every foe paid for his treachery with his life. This was the origin of the fête just now re-celebrated, for each year the armed men of Neuchâtel, accompanied by the children of the town bearing torches, went up to the castle to seek an audience of the Prince, in remembrance of the service rendered to the State by the boys and girls who detected the enemy in the courtyard. In 1473 this fête was celebrated, and the trophies and spoils taken from Charles the Bold were carried in procession; while Hugues de Pierre, the chronicler of the battle of Morat, says, that in that cortège, pikes, and splendid suits of armor of knights of almost every nation and tongue, were carried in triumph. These suits must, however, either have been placed in a museum, or altered for some



HON. N. M. BECKWITH, U. S. COMMISSIONER-GENERAL AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, PARIS, 1887.—SEE PAGE 247.

were deposited in the courtyard of the castle and left there without suspicion; but in the evening it happened that some of the children, who were permitted to play at hide-and-seek in the open space of the old

children, who carried torches. The present was intended to be a fatal one, for, like the horses of Troy, the tuns contained stout Savoyard soldiers. The red stream that ran from the broken staves was not wine



GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J., REV. J. S. B. HODGES, D. D., RECTOR.—SEE PAGE 247.

reason or other, for the armor that figured in the recent fête was of the seventeenth century. For two hours, however, a long file of cuirassiers and halberdiers, both on foot and on horseback, paraded the streets of the town to a solemn march, played by fife and drum. The fête had been suppressed ever since the revolution of March, 1848, and reappeared in quite a new character and with revived glories.

The General Election, England.

The illustrated newspapers of England publish a number of pictures of scenes and incidents of the re-

cent general election throughout the United Kingdom. From these we select two. One representing the nomination of Mr. Disraeli, at Aylesbury, for Buckinghamshire; the other being of a more general character, being the arrival of a batch of voters at a polling-booth, conveyed in the private carriage of an influential member of the party, since the use of hired vehicles for that purpose is forbidden by recent legislation.

The French Court at Compiègne—The Empress at Tea—Sports of the Prince Imperial.

The guests at Compiègne are untrammelled by etiquette, except at the receptions and official ceremonies. On the days when neither hunting parties nor excursions have been planned, their Majesties and the invited company enjoy long promenades on foot or in carriages in the magnificent forest. At five o'clock in the afternoon tea is served to the Empress and her guests in the Chinese saloon. Late in the evening there is generally a ball or other entertainment. The Prince Imperial, who practices all kinds of bodily exercises, has a decided taste for velocipedism. Accompanied by his cousin, the son of the Duke of Alba, he courses on his bicycle along the avenues of the park of the Imperial residence, and proves himself very skillful in the management of the new instrument of locomotion.

The Funeral of Rossini—His House at Passy, near Paris.

The funeral of Rossini took place on Saturday, November 21st, at noon, in the Church of La Trinité, one of the prettiest new churches in Paris, a building in the modern Gothic style, beautifully proportioned, and decorated with graceful frescoes and with stained-glass windows. Great interest was felt by all classes of the Parisians in the ceremony on this occasion. It required a large military and police force to clear the way for the funeral procession from the Madeleine to the Trinité, and to prevent the populace from blocking up the approaches to the last-mentioned church. On the foot pavement of the Champs-Élysées and in those parts of the Rue St. Louis and the Rue de Clugny which afford even a distant view of the Trinité, closely-packed crowds of the humbler classes stood patiently within the limits assigned to them, and not only waited long to see the coffin carried into the church, but kept their standing-ground till it came out again, two hours later. Our illustration gives a view of the scene in front of the church. The procession is headed by a guard of honor of the 51st Regiment of the Line, with drums, and the band of the National Guard. A deputation of Italian gentlemen, led by Count Mamiani, of Pesaro, walks before the mourning carriage which conveys the officiating clergy, and which is immediately followed by the hearse, simply arranged, without much decoration. We give also a picture of the house at Passy, near Paris, where the great composer resided before his death.

CHRISTMAS.

Now, with his black beard glancing in the frost,
Under the icy arches of the North,
And o'er the still graves of the seasons lost,
Blusters Old Christmas forth.
Spring, with your crown of roses budding new,
Summer, with bloomy meadows wet with dew,
Autumn, thought-nursing and most melancholy,
Blighting your beauty.

Unto the dusky borders of the grove
Where gray-haired Saturn, silent as a stone,
Sat in his grief alone,
Or where young Venus, searching for her love,
Walked through the clouds, I pray,
Bear me to-night away;

Or wade, O Poesy! with me through snows,
Drifted in loose fantastic curves aside,
From humble doors where love and faith abide,
And no rough winter blows,
Chilling the beauty of affections fair,
Cabined securely there;

Where, round their fingers winding the white slips
That crown his forehead, on the grandsire's knees
Sit merry children, teasing about ships
Lost in the perilous seas;
Or listening with a troubled joy, yet deep,
To stories about battles, or of storms,
Till weary grown, and drowsing into sleep,
Slide they from out his arms;

Where, by the log-heap fire,
As the pane rattles and the cricket sings,
I with the gray-haired sire
May talk of vanished summer-times and springs,
And harmlessly and cheerfully beguile
The long, long hours—
The happier for the snows that drift the while
About the flowers.

Christmas, wilt keep the love I offer thee?
No mesh of flowers is bound about my brow;
From life's fair summer I am hastening now,
And as I sink my knee,
Dimpling the beauty of thy bed of snow,
Dowerless, I can but say,
Oh, cast me not away!

THE PRUSSIAN TERROR;

OR,

The Adventures of an Amateur Soldier.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS, SEN.

III.—A HUNTER AND HIS DOG.

On the morrow of the day on which the events which we have just related transpired, about eleven o'clock in the morning, a young man of twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, having the appearance of an artist, descended at the Railroad Station of Brunswick, coming from Berlin by the express train which left the capital of Prussia at six o'clock in the morning.

He left his trunk and carpet-bag in the baggage-car, ticketed for Hanover, and took with him only a little bag of the style used by the military, to the back of which were attached a sketch-book and a campstool. Buckling to his belt a hunter's cartridge-box, and putting on a wide-brimmed hat of gray felt, he threw over his shoulder the strap of a double-barreled gun of the Le Fouchéux pattern.

The rest of his costume was that of a hunter, or tourist; that is to say, it was of a gray jacket with wide pockets, a buff leather vest buttoned from top to bottom, canvas pantaloons and leather gaiters.

He was followed by a beautiful spaniel, perfectly black, which justified his name of Fringant by leaping actively from the box, and frisking joyously around his master. The latter, once out of the station, hired an open one-horse carriage, into which the dog, as soon as he understood his destination, leaped first, and installed himself unceremoniously upon the front seat, whilst his master let himself fall on the back seat, with the careless attitude of a man habituated to taking his ease everywhere; then, in that tone of mingled courtesy and command which denotes the habit of an elegant man speaking to his inferiors—

"Coachman," said he, in excellent German, to the driver of the carriage, "drive me to the best restaurant in the town, or, at least, to that one in which I can make the best breakfast."

The coachman nodded his head, as if to show that he had no need of further instructions, and drove our traveler to the Hotel d'Angleterre, on the Grand Square.

In spite of the somewhat rough pavement of the charming little town of Brunswick, our young man kept his position half reclining in the carriage, whilst Fringant, seated gravely, his two fore paws joined to his hind paws, balanced himself from right to left, preserving his equilibrium with great trouble, and never taking his eyes off those of his master, which he seemed to be trying to read.

Nevertheless the position must, doubtless, have been wearisome, for, scarcely had the carriage stopped before the Hotel d'Angleterre, when, without waiting for the coachman to open the door, he leaped out, seeming by his gamboling and frisking to invite his master to do as much.

Without altogether following the advice which his dog gave him, the traveler made but one step from the inside to the outside, leaving his bag and his gun in the carriage.

"I keep you," he said to the coachman; "watch over my baggage, and wait for me."

Coachmen in every part of the world have an admirable instinct for distinguishing good customers from bad ones.

"Your Excellency may make your mind easy," answered the worthy fellow, with a wink; "I shall keep an eye to it."

The traveler entered the inn, and, seeing some tables laid in a little garden, passed to the other side of the house, and found himself in a spacious court, shaded by six beautiful ash trees. On one of these tables a cover was laid, and before it stood two chairs. Fringant leaped on the second chair. His master seized on that which his dog had left vacant, which was just opposite the cover.

The two companions breakfasted opposite to each other, and it must be confessed, to the credit of the man, that the master showed every possible attention to his dog. A mistress could not have been apostrophized in a softer voice, nor more carefully attended to, during the meal, which lasted an hour, and during which, Fringant partook of everything that his master ate, except hare with preserves, under the pretext that, in his capacity of hunting-dog, he never ate game, and that in his quality of quadruped, he did not love sweetmeats.

The coachman, on his side, was supplied, on his box, with bread, cheese, and a half-bottle of wine. The result was, that coachman, master and dog, when the breakfast was concluded, resumed each his place—one on the box, the two others in the carriage, giving marks of the most entire satisfaction.

"Where do we go, your Excellency?" inquired the coachman, wiping his mouth with the sleeve of his jacket, but like a man disposed to go wherever they wanted him to go.

"I scarcely know," answered the traveler; "that depends a little on you."

"On me!"

"Yes; it is according as you do, or do not, show yourself a good fellow. I would like to keep you some time."

"A year, if you like."

"No; that is too much."

"A month, then?"

"Neither a year nor a month, but a day or two."

"That is not enough. I thought you were going to take a lease of me."

"In the first place, how much do you ask to go to Hanover?"

"That is six leagues distant, you know."

"Four and a half, you mean?"

"Yes, but continually going up and down hill."

"The road is as smooth as a billiard-table."

"There is no way of taking you in," said the coachman, laughing.

"Yes, indeed, there is one."

"Which?"

"To show yourself an honest man."

"Ah! indeed—that is a new point of view."

"Which you have not examined, as it seems."

Well, then, let us see—fix your price yourself."

"That is worth four florins, without reckoning the hour passed on our return from the station and at breakfast."

"That is very just."

"And the drink-money?"

"At my discretion."

"That is it. I don't know why, but I trust you—I do."

"Only, if I keep you more than eight days, it shall be three florins and a half a day, without any drink-money."

"I cannot admit such a condition."

"Why not, then?"

"That would be depriving you, without any reason, of being agreeable to me, when I shall have the pain of quitting you."

"The d—l take you! one would say that you had some wit."

"I have so much, that I can seem like a fool when I wish to."

"That is a smart saying that you have just uttered. Whence come you?"

"From Sachsenhausen."

"What is Sachsenhausen?"

"A suburb of Frankfurt."

"Ah, yes; a Saxon colony of Charlemagne's time."

"Exactly so; you know that, do you?"

"I know also that you are a worthy people; a sort of German Auvergnats. We will regulate our accounts when we separate."

"I like that still better."

"Your name?"

"Lenhart."

"Well, then, Lenhart—en route."

The carriage started, separating the crowd of inquisitive people assembled around it, as is the custom in provincial towns.

They arrived in a moment at the end of a street opening out upon a plain. The day was splendid, the trees were bursting into buds, and clothing themselves in their earliest foliage.

The earth had put on its green robes, and there rose up from the numerous meadows, scattered right and left along the road, a sort of vapor composed of the first breezes of spring and the first emanations of the flowers. The birds, coupled two by two, flew from tree to tree, carrying nourishment to their young, and whilst the female occupied herself with this maternal care, the male bird, perched upon a branch near the nest, scattered in the air the first notes of the love-song, at the sound of which nature wakes up.

From time to time the lark rose above the early corn, soared vertically up, stopped some seconds at the summit of harmony, and then let itself fall, folding its wings, which it opened only at the moment of touching the earth.

At the aspect of this magnificent country, the traveler cried:

"Ah! but there ought to be superb shooting here!"

"Yes; only, game is preserved," answered the coachman.

"So much the better," returned the traveler; "there will be so much the more game."

In fact, scarcely had they advanced a kilometre beyond the town, when Fringant, who had given frequent marks of impatience, leaped down from the carriage, entered a patch of clover, and made a point.

"Shall I go on, or must I wait?" asked the coachman, seeing the traveler cock his gun.

"Go on a few steps," said the traveler. "There."

"Well!"

"Now stop as near as possible to the clover-patch."

The traveler, standing up in the carriage, gun in hand, was about thirty paces from Fringant.

The coachman watched the affair with the interest that I have seen coachmen habitually exhibit in similar cases; an interest which goes so far as to put them continually on the side of the sportsman, against the proprietors of the game and the gamekeepers.

"Ah!" said he, "you have a fine dog there."

"Yes, not bad."

"What is he pointing there?"

"A hare!"

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it; if it were a bird he would wag his tail. But stay!"

In fact, at this moment a large hare took his course within three steps of the dog, endeavoring to crouch under the clover.

"A thousand thunders!" cried the Frankfurt.

"Shoot! Why don't you shoot?"

"You are in a great hurry," said the young man; "wait!"

And he fired. The hare turned a somersault, in which he showed his white belly and fell on his back.

Lenhart wished to leap from the carriage.

"Well," said the sportsman to him, "where are you going?"

"To look for the hare!"

"On the contrary, don't budge."

Fringant had not budged, and he kept his point more steadily than ever.

"I was mistaken," said the young man; "it was not a hare that Fringant was setting."

"What was it, then?" inquired Lenhart.

"It was two hares."

"Ah! good faith, yes!"

This exclamation was extorted from the worthy coachman by the sight of a second hare, which glided out in its turn, and which stopped short in its course and fell near the first.

"Now, can one go and pick them up?" said Lenhart.

"It is not worth your while," said the traveler, "Fringant will bring them to me."

In fact, Fringant, who had seized upon the one last killed, brought it to his master, and, after that, went for the other.

"Put that on your box," said the traveler to the driver, "and en route."

A quarter of a league further on Fringant made another point. Lenhart stopped the carriage of his own accord, and exactly at the place where it ought to be stopped.

"Ah!" said he, "it is a bird this time; your dog is shaking his tail."

Not only did Fringant shake his tail, but, with a rapid movement of the head, casting a glance in his master's direction, he seemed to give him a particular indication.

"Yes, yes; not only is it feathered game—but even game with golden feathers."

"What does that mean? What! golden feathers?" Lenhart shook his head. "There are no golden pheasants in these parts," said he.

"Come now, prophet of evil, the moment Fringant says it is a golden pheasant, a golden pheasant it is: is it not so, Fringant?"

Fringant made one of those movements of the head that we have indicated, and which had in-

formed his master of the nature of the animal which he was pointing.

"You see," said the traveler, "from the fashion in which he keeps his point, that it is a pheasant. A partridge would have been flushed already. There must be some pheasants in the neighborhood."

"There is the chateau and park of Monsieur de Reze, the French Ambassador, but the chateau and pheasants are at least two leagues from here."

"Well, then, the rascal must have been out on a stroll, and the proof of it is, that there he is."

In fact, at the word "stroll," a magnificent pheasant flew coquettishly; but he had not flown more than four metres when a shot broke both his wings and tumbled him over into a bramble bush, in which he disappeared.

"Fetch him, Fringant, fetch him!" said the traveler, without concerning himself otherwise with the slain pheasant, and reloading his gun.

"Well," cried Lenhart, suddenly, "there is a shot! You have killed a pheasant, and your dog brings you back a rabbit!"

"How! don't you understand?" said the sportsman, bursting into a laugh.

"No, may the d—l take me if I do!"

"I have killed the pheasant; that is well; but in the same bramble bush there was a rabbit—Fringant, who had come for the pheasant, seemed not to be occupying himself with the rabbit, which allowed itself to be deceived; and the dog, passing near the fool, took him by the throat and brings it to me, being perfectly certain of finding the pheasant on his next trip."

Scarcely had the rabbit been deposited on the carriage-step when the dog returned to the bramble bush, and, five seconds afterward, brought the pheasant.

"Put that with the two hares," said the traveler, "and en route. I think we have enough for the time being."

And, in fact, some five hundred paces off they saw behind a little hillock the glimmering of a gamekeeper's helmet.

"Is your horse a good goer?" inquired the traveler.

"Whether he goes well or not," answered Lenhart, "I have no idea of allowing you to be captured as a poacher. It is too funny to travel in that style."

"Ah! you are fond of the chase, it seems!"

"That is to say, I have poached here and there, but I am not so skillful as you are. *Sacre-dieu!* what a dog you have there! Ah! here comes the guard—he signs for us to stop. I think this is the moment to tell him good-night!"

And, in fact, he cried out "Good-night" with all the force of his lungs, and put his horse to a gallop.

A league further on, Fringant made a point at a covey of partridges; but, as they were too young to be worth anything of themselves, and to kill their father and mother would be to doom the young ones to death, Fringant was recalled, and this time, like a true sportsman as he was, the traveler gave them free grace.

They traveled two leagues more without seeing anything. They were already approaching the city, when a hare rose up, frightened, fifty or sixty metres from the carriage.

"Ah!" said Lenhart, "there is one who has been well inspired."

"That is as it may be," said the hunter. "You don't count on killing him at that distance, I suppose."

"Lenhart! Lenhart! you who brag of being a good poacher, must I then teach you that for a good sportsman and a good gun there is no such thing as distance?"

"You would kill him from here, would you?"

"You are going to see."

The sportsman slipped two cartridges loaded with ball in his gun, in place of the two loaded with shot which were there.

"Do you know the habits of hares?" he inquired of Lenhart.

"Yes, I think so; so far as one can know the habits of an animal whose language one does not speak."

"Well, then, I am going to teach you this, Lenhart. Every hare which starts up frightened, and which is not pursued, stops after running about fifty paces, to look around him, and make his toilet. See!"

And, in fact, the hare, reaching a distance of a hundred and twenty paces, more or less, from the carriage, stopped, squatting on its hind legs, and commenced to wash its face with its fore paws. This moment of coquetry, predicted by the traveler, was the ruin of the poor animal. The shot was fired almost as soon as the gun touched the shoulder. The hare made a bound three or four feet, and fell stone dead.

"Pardon me, monsieur," said Lenhart; "if war breaks out, as they say it is going to do, on which side will you be?"

"It is probable that I shall be neither for Austria, nor for Prussia, but for France, seeing I am a Frenchman."

"Provided you are not for those beggars of Prussians, it is all I ask of you; but if you be against them—a thousand thunders! I would make you a proposition."

"What is it?"

"It is, to take you to the war in my carriage, without pay."

"Thank you, my friend; it is impossible to refuse such an offer. If I made war, it is probable that I would make it in that way. I have always dreamed of making war in a carriage."

"Well, then, here is just the horse and the carriage which you require. As for the horse, I cannot tell you exactly what age he is, inasmuch as when I bought him, some ten years ago, he was aged; but with him, look you, I would set out to make a thirty years' war without any anxiety, certain that he would carry me through to the end. As for the carriage, you can satisfy yourself it is quite new. It is only three years since I had new

shafts made; a year ago, I had another pair of wheels and a new axle-tree, and, finally, six months ago, I had a new body made."

"We have a story in France somewhat resembling that," said the traveler; "it is the story of Janot's knife. First they put a new blade in it, then a new handle, but it remained the same knife."

"Ay, sir!" answered Lenhart, philosophically, "there are Janot's knives in every country."

"And Janot's also, my worthy fellow," said the hunter.

"In any case, have new barrels put to your gun, and give me the old ones. Faith, there is your dog with the hare, which got the ball right in the breast."

Then taking the dead animal by the ears, "Go join the others, my dandy!" he said to him. "See what it is to be making your toilet at the wrong time. Ah, sir! don't fight against the Prussians if you don't like; but, thousand thunders! don't fight for them!"

"Oh, as for that, make your mind easy. If I fight, it will be against them; and, perhaps, even I will not wait until hostilities are declared."

"In that case, hurrah! Against the Prussians! Death to the Prussians!" cried Lenhart, laying his whip on his horse, who, as if to justify the eulogium which had been pronounced on him, set off at a gallop, and being very much excited by the blows of the lash and the imprecations of his master, dashed like an arrow through the suburbs, and the two streets of Hanover which lead to the Grand Square, where the equestrian statue of King Ernest Augustus stands, and did not stop until he reached the door of the Hotel Royal.

IV.

THIS was not, as will be readily understood, the first visit that the Frankforter Lenhart, established at Brunswick as a hirer of carriages, made to the proprietor of the Hotel Royal. More than once tourists, both French and English, had the idea of traversing, in the same fashion as Benedict did, the charming little road, which stretches between Brunswick and Hanover; and Lenhart, coming to aid the execution of this idea, and putting his little vehicles at their disposal, had had them driven, or drove himself, to their destination. Master Lenhart and Master Stephan were then as good friends as the difference of their ranks permitted.

Lenhart, admirably received, as was customary, by Stephan—that was the name of the proprietor of the Hotel Royal—commenced by drawing him aside, in order to give him an idea of the importance of the guest whom he had brought to him, by announcing that his traveler, the mortal enemy of the Prussians, had, in anticipation of the coming war, come to offer to the King of Hanover a gun, which never missed its aim. And, as proof of what he advanced, he handed over to him, in the greatest secrecy, the three hares, the pheasant, and the rabbit, the result of the hunt from Brunswick to Hanover.

We say in the greatest secrecy, it being well understood that, shooting being prohibited, and the most severe penalties put in execution against those who transgressed the law, his traveler would have certainly been imprisoned for five or six days, and fined two or three hundred francs.

Master Stephan listened with lively interest to what Lenhart related; this interest amounted even to admiration, when the latter showed him the hare, killed with a single ball, and killed at one hundred and twenty paces.

"But that is not all," said Lenhart; "for it was not the fine shot which most excited his admiration. It was the demonstration which preceded it. 'But that is not all. You who are an innkeeper, and who, consequently, have so many hares passing through your hands, do you know the manner of hares, their habits and customs?'"

"Good faith, no!" replied Stephan, "inasmuch as they always bring them to me dead; and when they arrive at that point, they have no longer any custom except that of being eaten, either stewed, with wine-sauce, or roasted, with preserves or sweetmeats."

"Well, then, he knows them. He told me word for word what he was going to do, and how he would kill him; and everything passed just as he said."

"Of what country is your traveler?"

"He called himself a Frenchman, but I don't believe a word of it. I have not heard him brag once. Besides, he speaks German too well for a Frenchman. But, stay, he is calling you."

Master Stephan hastened to deposit the game in his larder—a care which, in the establishment of a landlord who knows his business, takes precedence of all others—then he responded to the summons.

He found the traveler chatting with an English officer of the king's household, and speaking English with the same perfection with which he spoke German to Lenhart.

On perceiving Stephan, he turned half-round toward him. "My dear host," he said, in German, "Here is Colonel Anderson, who has had the kindness to answer me half of the question which I put to him; and he assured me you will answer the other half."

"I will do my best, your Excellency, when you shall have done me the honor to put it to me."

"I have inquired of monsieur," and the traveler saluted the English officer, "the title of the principal journal of the kingdom, and he replied that it was called the *Nouvelle Gazette de Hanovre*. After which I asked him the name of its chief editor, and for that he referred me to you."

"Wait a little; wait a little, your Excellency. The editor-in-chief of the *Gazette de Hanovre*—let me see—it is Monsieur Bodemeyer, a tall, slim fellow, with a full beard; is it not?"

"I certainly don't know him personally; I wish to know his name, and, perhaps, to send him my card."

"His address? I know no other than that of the journal, Park Street."

"That is all I require, my dear host."

"Wait a little," said Stephan, looking at the cuckoo-clock. "Do you dine at the *table d'hôte*?"

"If you see no impropriety in it."

"The *table d'hôte* is at five o'clock; Monsieur Bodemeyer is one of our patrons. In half an hour he will be here."

"That is another reason why he should have my card first." And drawing a card from his pocket, above these words, "Benedict Turpin, Painter," he wrote, "To Monsieur Bodemeyer, Editor-in-chief of the *Gazette de Hanovre*."

Then calling the *commissionnaire* of the hotel, he drew a florin from his pocket, and gave it to him, upon the promise that the card should be delivered within ten minutes.

Scarcely had the *commissionnaire* set out when Stephan took Benedict aside. "Your Excellency will excuse me," said he to him, "if I meddle with that which does not concern me."

"Speak on."

"But it seems to me, that if you sent your card to Monsieur Bodemeyer, it is because you have something particular to say to him."

"Certainly."

"Well, then, would it not be better to profit by the fine game your Excellency has just brought in, and have a table set in a private room, and your dinner served separate?"

"Good faith, you are right! and I shall have to take counsel of one person only before answering you."

Going then to Colonel Anderson: "Colonel," said he to him, "our host has just suggested to me an idea, which will seem to me excellent, as soon as you shall have approved it. It is, that you shall do me the honor of dining with Monsieur Bodemeyer and myself. Stephan asserts that he will get up a marvelous dinner for us, washed down by the best wines of Germany and Hungary, in a private chamber, where we can chat entirely at our ease. Now, it is five or six months since I left France, and, consequently, five or six months since I have chatted. They chat in France; they talk in England; and they dream in Germany. Let us have a dinner, where we will chat, talk and dream. I know well that I have not had the honor of being presented to you; but, at a distance of fifty leagues from England, etiquette is relaxed; and I venture to hope that, having already rendered me a service, without knowing me—the service of giving me some information—you will be kind enough to accept my dinner, when I shall have told you who I am. Here is my card—the card of an artist, without blazonry or crown, and bearing only the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The card of a real proletarian, whose only title is, that he has been a pupil of two men at great talent."

The colonel took the card with a bow.

"I will add, Monsieur the Colonel," continued Benedict, in a graver tone, "that I shall probably, to-morrow, or the day after, have a more serious service to ask of you, and, between now and then, I would not be sorry to prove to you I merit the honor I ask you to grant me."

"Monsieur," answered Colonel Anderson, with a certain courtesy quite English—that is to say, mixed with a certain stiffness—"the hope you are kind enough to give me, of having a service to render you, determines me to accept your invitation."

"If, however, you have reasons for not wishing to dine with Monsieur Bodemeyer—"

"I have no reason for not dining with Monsieur Bodemeyer. I have, however, on the contrary, a thousand reasons for dining with you, and I hope you will permit me to place among the first of these the sympathy I feel for your person."

Benedict saluted.

"And now that you have accepted, colonel," said he, "and as, after your example, Monsieur Bodemeyer will probably accept, my duty is to make your dinner as little disagreeable as possible. Permit me, then, to watch over the preparation of our meal, and to exchange with the chef cook a few words of the highest importance."

The two gentlemen saluted. The colonel walked toward the parlor; Benedict Turpin to the kitchen.

Benedict Turpin was a composite of several men, and, we might almost say, of several temperaments. He was, at once, a great artist and a worthy lad, having withal—which is a rare thing—color and execution, respect for nature and a religious devotion to the ideal.

The result of this was, that in whatsoever fashion he had to paint a subject—whether the subject represented the fine oaks of the forest of Fontainebleau, or the splendid pines of the Villa Pantili, at Rome; whether he sketched a Turkish café, like Decamps, a skirmish, like Berenger—trees, landscape, men, horses, always presented themselves to him under their poetic aspect.

Master of his fortune at an age when ordinarily men don't know how to use it, he had, on the contrary, admirably managed it, which, though modest, was sufficient for an artist—twelve thousand francs a year. Convinced of the truth of this maxim, that a man doubles his life in learning a foreign language, he had quadrupled his by passing a year in Germany, a year in Spain, a year in England, and a year in Italy. At eighteen years of age, in addition to the tongue of Rousseau, he spoke those of Milton, Goethe, Calderon and Dante.

Between his eighteenth and twentieth years he completed this philological education, in which he obtained a real superiority.

This facility in acquiring languages, which he derived from a great musical talent, had induced him to give what he called leisure moments to Greek and Latin, those two ancestral languages without which an education does not rest on any solid basis. He had come, by reading the poets and prose-writers anterior to the Christian era, to be passionately fond of ancient history, which he knew from its anecdotal-gossip surface to its most profound depths.

Enticed by his love for the marvelous, he had studied the occult sciences—the Cabala, and the Orphic Mysteries, Chiromancy, and finally Chiromancy—that is to say, the modern science of D'Arpentigne and Desbarrolles, who had been not only his masters, but his friends.

Bodily exercises, even of the most vulgar sort, in the midst of these serious studies, had taken a position which a natural aptitude for gymnastics of every sort permitted him to fill up rapidly.

Perhaps one would have feared that these exercises encroached too much on more serious and necessary studies; but this was not the case.

Benedict, who, while merely amusing himself, had succeeded in acquiring first-rate skill with the small-sword, with the pistol, with the stick, at the savate, at tennis, at billiards, and in fine, at all games which required strength, intelligence and skill, joined to all this a charming natural spirit, a perfect elegance, and a certain resemblance in manner to the sword-wearing painters of the seventeenth century, a courage equal to any proof, a contempt for danger in the midst of danger itself; and endowed with these advantages, Benedict was already, at twenty years of age, a remarkable young man, who promised to be at thirty a man of genius.

It was then that France decided, conjointly with England, on the expedition to China. Benedict, who as yet knew only Europe, thought that the time had arrived for him to become acquainted with other portions of the world.

He applied to be attached as draughtsman to the general staff of the army, and he easily obtained this favor. Only, divided between his fancy for a soldier's life and his studies as an artist, he was oftener seen with a gun on his shoulder than with a pencil in his hand. It was thus that he, with the Anglo-French advanced guard, forced the bar of the Peiko; and was among the first to enter the Emperor's palace at Peking.

Being a man who knew the value of things, and possessing besides a certain fortune, and having brought with him four years' income, he was enabled to buy from the soldiers, who sold them for a mere song, marvels of taste, art, and curiosity.

While he was still at Peking, whence he sent home two pictures for the Exposition, he attained his twenty-first year. A comrade drew for him at the conscription, and got a number high enough to deliver him forever from fear of military service.

Having seen everything that he wished to see in China, he returned by way of Java, was attacked by Malay pirates in the Straits of Malacca, fought against them with the rage that adversaries of that sort inspire, and made a fearful massacre of them, thanks to two excellent revolving rifles, which he had but to discharge one after the other at his assailants; went to pass a month at Chandernagor, and hunted the tiger and panther in the jungles of Bengal with the most ardent and bravest hunters of panthers and tigers; and stopped at Ceylon with the intention of hunting the elephant until he could knock over two elephants right and left.

Fifteen days after his arrival, his wish was gratified.

He quitted Ceylon immediately; met, at Djeddah, the famous hunter, Yajassier, who had, for ten years, been living on the produce of the skins of the lions and tigers which he killed in Nubia, and the tusks of the elephants which he killed in Abyssinia. He set out in company with him for Abyssinia, hunted the lion and the tiger with him, returned by way of Cairo, Alexandria, and Malta, to Paris, whither he brought back all sorts of marvelous things in stuffs, furniture, jewels, sketches, and designs; created for himself one of the most artistic apartments in Paris, and put the key of it in his pocket, leaving two pictures for the first Exposition.

Benedict had been for a long time desirous of seeing Russia, so he set out for St. Petersburg. He hunted the bear and wolf in the snow season, descended the Volga as far as Kasan, traversed the Kirghize steppes, and hunted with the falcon at Prince Tumaïne's; returned by way of the Nogai steppes, visited Kislar, Derbent, Bakou, Tiflis, and Athens; made trips to Constantinople, Marathion, Thebes, Salamis, Argos, and Corinth; returned by way of Messina, Palermo, Tunis, Constantine, Algiers, Tetuan, Tangiers, Gibraltar, Lisbon, and Bordeaux; and, on returning home, found the Legion of Honor waiting for him.

Finally, in 1865, after having procured letters of introduction to all the remarkable painters of Germany—after having visited Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Munich, Vienna, and Dresden, he found himself at Berlin, as we have seen, at the time of the *emigra* on the promenade, and there sustained the honor of France, as we have already said, braving danger, as he always did, and extricating himself from danger, as he always did, with that insolent good fortune which makes one believe in fatality.

When the pistol-shots fired at Monsieur de Bœsewerk had attracted attention in another direction, he had beaten a retreat and taken refuge in the French Embassy, to which he had been especially recommended. There he had learned a later piece of news, that is to say, the demonstration which had taken place under the windows of the Prime Minister, and a demonstration which was intended as a protest against the assassination of which Monsieur de Bœsewerk had nearly been the victim.

As for the murderer, the last thing learned, in regard to him, after his interrogation, which lasted from eleven o'clock to midnight, was that he was named "Blind," and that he was the son of an exile of '48, bearing the same name.

At half-past nine in the morning, Benedict, accompanied by the Chancellor of the Legation, arrived at the station, and there bought a ticket for Hanover; he set off without accident, and the Chancellor returned to the Embassy, to give an account of his departure.

We have seen him arrive at Brunswick, and we have followed him steadily from the Hotel d'Angleterre to the Hotel Royal. This long digression, the object of which is to exhibit Benedict under the aspect of a superior man, will have this result—that no one will be astonished to learn that our traveler had also a talent for cookery.

Every man of genius is fastidious about his eating.

Nevertheless, he was a man who knew how to do without even necessities, when it was impossible to procure them. He endured thirst without uttering a complaint, when he traveled in the desert of Amoor; he endured hunger without a murmur, when he was traveling in the midst of the Nogai steppes.

But in the midst of a country where one can find everything that he desires in the way of food, Benedict regarded it as a crime of *l'es-gastronomie* not to offer to his guests, that is to say, to the men of whose comfort he had taken charge, as Brillat-Savarin says, for two hours, everything they could desire in the way of wines, meats, vegetables, etc.

The last instruction had just been given by Benedict to the chief cook, when it was announced to him that Monsieur Bodemeyer was coming from the other end of the square toward the Hotel Royal. He had, then, no time to lose, if he wished to receive him on the threshold of the hotel, as he had intended to do.

Benedict made but one bound, and reached the door, while Monsieur Bodemeyer had still twenty paces to traverse before reaching the hotel. He held in one hand the card which Benedict had sent him, and looked at it from time to time, seeming extremely puzzled to know what the French artist wanted with him.

Grace Episcopal Church, Broad Street, Newark, N. J., Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D. D., Rector.

GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, on the corner of Broad and Walnut streets, Newark, is a structure which attracts a great deal of attention from all who see it. The site is a very fine one, and embraces sufficient ground-room to give excellent effect to the building. The parish was founded in 1837, and this church edifice was erected about 1843. It is of brown stone, with a spire rising on one side. The most beautiful feature, however, is the luxuriant growth of ivy which covers its entire exterior walls. The symmetrical proportions of the building, its quiet though conspicuous location, and these rural peculiarities, altogether present a picture of taste and beauty such as is seldom seen. All the interior arrangements are tasteful, and the decorations are highly expressive of the same thing, combined with much religious sentiment.

Rev. Dr. J. S. B. Hodges, the rector of Grace Church, was born at Bristol, England, January 12, 1832. He is the son of Edward Hodges, Doctor in Music (of Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge, Eng.), who, for nearly a quarter of a century, was organist of Trinity Church, New York, and who has probably done more than any other man for the cause of ecclesiastical music in the United States.

Dr. Hodges pursued his early studies in his native place, and came to the United States when fifteen years of age. He graduated at Columbia College in 1851, and the General Episcopal Theological Seminary in 1854. He took holy orders as deacon in 1854 at Trinity Church, New York, and as priest, at the same church, in 1856. He was first settled as an assistant rector in Poughkeepsie, where he remained until the autumn of 1858. He then went to Nashville, Wisconsin, where he was connected with a theological institution, and also had charge of a small church. After three years spent in this field, he went to the Church of the Holy Communion in Chicago, where he succeeded to the rectorship of the present Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, in which he remained one year. On the 1st of January, 1861, he entered upon his duties as rector of Grace Church, Newark. The close of his seventh year shows his parish in a most flourishing spiritual and financial condition. He is a man of thoroughness in learning, of polished and eloquent delivery in the pulpit, and of faithfulness and zeal in all the duties of his clerical position.

Hon. N. M. Beckwith, Commissioner-General for the United States at the International Exposition at Paris, 1867.

MR. N. M. BECKWITH is a native of Madison County, in the State of New York, and son of the late Judge Beckwith, of that county, one of the early settlers of the town and village of Cassenovia.

His eldest son, the late Dr. Beckwith, was educated in New England, and his third son, Brevet-Brigadier-General E. G. Beckwith, graduated at West Point, served with distinction through the Mexican war, and the war of the rebellion, and continues in the public service.

The second son (the subject of the following remarks) was destined for mercantile pursuits, and after completing his academic studies, commenced his career in Auburn, New York.

But having at that time no influential commercial connections, and being desirous of acquiring a more extended knowledge of business, he subsequently spent several years traveling and residing in different countries in Europe and America. The information thus acquired, and connections thus formed, were turned to account finally in New York, where he engaged in commerce with the British Colonies, Europe, the West Indies, and South America.

There was nothing unusual in the slow growth and steady prosperity of his business, which at the end of fifteen years enabled him to retire. On the contrary, it is only another instance of the almost uniform success of the young men who come from the country with vigorous health and resolution, and who take pains to understand their business, and pursue it with judgment and diligence, resisting the temptations of speculation, and declining operations they do not thoroughly understand.

Retaining a fondness for travel, Mr. Beckwith repaired with his family to Europe in 1851, where he spent a number of years, principally in Germany and France, and was finally induced by his relatives, who had embarked extensively in business in the East, to enter again into active pursuits.

But not to interrupt the studies of his sons, and wishing to have them with him, he engaged teachers to accompany them, and after visiting Egypt and India, settled in China, where he became for several years the managing partner of the ancient American house of Russell & Co., extensively engaged in commerce with America, Europe, and Australia, and in steam navigation on the seas and rivers of China.

His previous good fortune did not desert him in this new field, and when the time arrived for his sons to enter upon their professional studies in the industrial arts and sciences, he returned with them to Europe, where he had the gratification of seeing them graduate in due time first and third in the Ecole Impériale Centrale, the great school for civil engineers in Paris.

It will be remembered that the invitation of the French Government to the Government of the United States to participate in the International Exposition of 1867 reached Washington in the great campaign of Grant and Sherman, which occupied every mind, and rendered it impossible to attract public attention to the proposed exhibition.

But the great confidence felt in the result of those campaigns, and in the approaching termination of the war, made it desirable to defer the question of the exhibition for future consideration. It was not unlikely that within six months the war would be ended, and as there would then remain a year and a half in which to prepare for the exhibition, it might still be possible for the United States to take part in it. The Minister of the United States then in Paris participated in this view, and, though without authority to make any definite engagements on the subject with the French Government, was extremely anxious to keep the matter open, and thinking the experience and business habits of Mr. Beckwith, his familiarity with previous exhibitions, and his knowledge of French methods and usages, and local acquaintance, could be serviceable, solicited his assistance.

Mr. Beckwith was then preparing to return to the United States, and it was not convenient for him to make engagements extending over a period of at least two years, but thinking the matter of considerable importance, and believing that the Government and people of the United States would have a lively desire to co-operate in the exhibition after the happy termination of the war, showing that their energy and enterprise were undiminished, consented to undertake the labor, stipulating only that his services, being intended for the public benefit, should be gratuitous.

The delays which occurred in the action and decision of Congress, and the embarrassments which arose from consequent accumulation of business at the last moment, are very generally known. It is known that these difficulties were surmounted; that the products of the United States were finally brought into fair comparison with those of other countries; that the verdicts and awards of the international juries placed the products of the United States in advance of similar products from all other countries, with the exception of France, and that the assiduity, zeal and great labor of the Commissioner-General contributed largely to these happy results.

In acknowledgment of the ability displayed in the fulfillment of this mission, the Emperor Napoleon conferred upon Mr. Beckwith the Grand and Cross of Officer of the Legion of Honor.

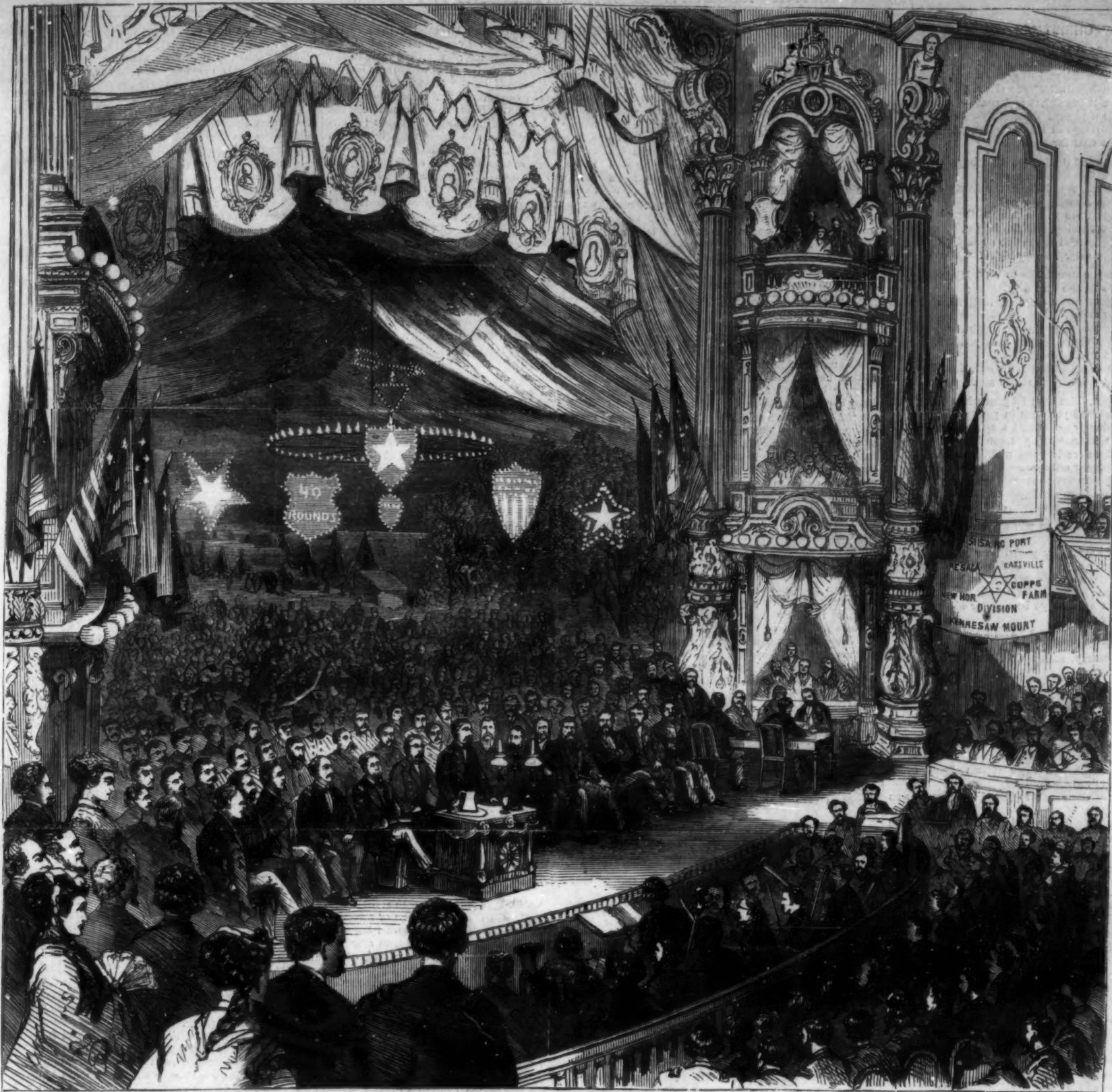


"WHY DIDN'T SANTA CLAUS COME?"



"GOOD SANTA CLAUS!"

CHRISTMAS CONTRASTS.—SEE PAGE 243.



THE GRAND ARMY REUNION, AT CHICAGO, ILL.—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SHERMAN DELIVERING THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME, AT CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE, DEC. 15TH.—SEE PAGE 243.



FINE ARTS—"MEADOW LANDS."—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JAMES M. HART, N. A.—DRAWN BY MR. FRANK LESLIE IN THE FIRST DISTRIBUTION OF THE DERBY ATHENAEUM, 680 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 252.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

LITTLE boy out in the street to-night!
 Don't you know 'tis Christmas Eve?
 Cold is the wind, and deep the snow,
 And you have a tattered sleeve;
 Yours is a tattered hat and coat—
 Yours is a ragged shoe,
 And I see your red toes peeping out—
 Is it not cold for you?

What are you thinking of, little boy,
 Standing there in the snow,
 With your red feet kissing the frosty earth?—
 Have you no where to go?
 What do you see in the window there?
 Gaiety burning, and fire bright,
 Children gathered around the hearth,
 Making a merry, happy night!

No doubt you would like to go in there, boy,
 And join in the sports to-night;
 Though your clothes are all tattered, and torn
 your shoes,
 Yet your heart is true and right.
 And it does seem hard to shut you out,
 But still you see it is done,
 For there is a millionaire's home, little boy,
 And you are a poor man's son.

That's right, little boy; let your whistle ring out,
 As homeward you turn in your path;
 You're a happy heart, and a spirit stout,
 And a million, when you can laugh;
 With a stern resolve, and unflinching heart,
 You, too, may arise some day,
 And a right merry household may be yours,
 Where children shall gather to play.

A merry Christmas to you all, wherever you may
 be,
 In happy homes, by genial hearths, or on the
 stormy sea;
 A merry Christmas, every one, and many, many
 more;
 I care not whether ye be rich, or whether ye be
 poor;
 'Tis a heart that gives ye all good cheer where-
 ever ye may be.
 Then a merry, merry Christmas, may every-
 body see!

There is enough of saddened looks, enough of
 sorrow wrought,
 Enough of aching, lonely hearts, that other
 days have brought;
 So let us all forget, the while, the ills and cares
 of life,
 And let us have a day's repose from every
 worldly strife.
 So a merry Christmas to you all, wherever you
 may be,
 In happy homes, by genial hearths, or on the
 stormy sea.

There is too much of shadow thrown across life's
 dreary way,
 Too much of misanthropic love within our hearts
 to-day,
 Too much of evil in the world, too much unholy
 love—
 These let us lay aside to-day, and worship Him
 above,
 And have a right good merry time, as in the
 days gone by,
 And send our rich hosannas up to rend the
 very sky.

I love to see the social hearth, and children
 gathered round,
 I love to hear their laugh of mirth, for 'tis a
 joyful sound,
 I love to see the young and old on Christmas
 Eve at play—
 Old manhood, with its sternness gone, and,
 like the children, gay;
 Oh! 'tis a joyous sight to see the stern, un-
 bending man,
 Relax and smile, and romp with glee, play
 "Catch me if you can."

I love to see the widow's hearth made cheerful
 by a gift,
 For then I know some kindly hand has given
 her load a lift;
 I love to see the man of wealth upon a Christ-
 mas Eve
 Remember there are poorer threads in the warp
 that God did weave.
 So a merry Christmas to you all, wherever you
 may be,
 In happy homes, by genial hearths, or on the
 stormy sea.

MARK SMELTON'S CHRISTMAS.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon of Christ-
 mas Day. Mark Smelton sat in his dingy office
 on the second floor of an antiquated brick build-
 ing which stood in a narrow street running to the
 river front, with account-books and sheets of
 paper, upon which were many columns of figures,
 before him. He had just completed a long series
 of intricate calculations, and leaned back in his
 chair with a satisfied air, as he gazed upon the re-
 sult. While all the places of business around
 him were closed, and their usual occupants were
 enjoying the festivities of the day, Mark Smelton
 had occupied himself in going through his books
 and estimating his balances for the approaching
 end of the year. He found himself richer even
 than he had supposed, for his investigations had
 assured him that he would commence the new
 year with a capital of over one million dollars
 beyond his liabilities. Naturally, therefore, he
 looked upon the papers which told this agreeable
 story with manifest complacency and satisfaction.

Mark Smelton was considered an eccentric
 character. He was penurious in the extreme in
 his personal habits, and, though he was well
 known in the business world, there was not a per-
 son living with whom he could be said to be on

terms of friendship. His disregard of appear-
 ances in the matter of dress, was one of his most
 marked characteristics, and there was a story cur-
 rent on 'Change, that once, on a very sultry day,
 as, overcome by the heat, he had sat down upon
 the steps of a bank and taken off his hat while
 he wiped the perspiration from his brow, a be-
 nevolent stranger happening along, mistook him
 for a beggar, and dropped a few pennies in the
 shabby head-piece which he held between his
 knees. He held no social relations whatever with
 his fellow-beings: living all alone by himself in a
 meagerly furnished apartment on the top floor of
 a cheap boarding-house, in which solitary retreat,
 he, with his own hands, prepared and cooked his
 frugal meals. He was never known to bestow a
 cent in charity, or to do a kindness to any living
 being which required an outlay of either time or
 money. In short, he was a persistent money-
 grubber of the most selfish stamp, toiling like a
 slave, and denying himself everything but the
 bare necessities of life, that he might accumulate
 wealth which he did not permit himself to use,
 and which he had neither wife, child or relative to
 inherit. To do Mr. Smelton justice, however, if
 he had never exhibited any traits of benevolence,
 neither had he been under any obligations to so-
 ciety for his success. On the contrary, from in-
 fancy his life had been a constant warfare with
 the world, in which only his indomitable energy
 and perseverance had enabled him to triumph
 over poverty, calumny, and persecution.

Mark Smelton was a foundling. When about
 six weeks of age, he had been left in a basket
 upon the doorstep of a well-to-do Justice of the
 Peace, in a small village of an Eastern State, who
 had kindly taken him in and handed him over to
 the Overseers of the Poor. The deserted babe
 was clothed in garments of the finest quality, but
 though every exertion was made to discover his
 parents, all efforts to trace them were entirely
 fruitless. Therefore he became a charge upon
 the town in which he was discovered, and in
 which, according to a practice still prevalent in
 some of the New England States, the paupers
 were farmed out to the lowest bidder; that is,
 the contract for maintaining them was put up at
 auction, and they were handed over to the tender
 mercies of the individual who offered to keep
 them at the lowest rate. As the competition in-
 duced by this method of providing for the unfor-
 tunate poor has the effect of reducing the rate
 of maintenance to a very low figure, and, as the
 enterprising contractor has his profit to make,
 however small the compensation allowed to him
 may be, it follows that such a system must re-
 sult more favorably for the finances of the town
 adopting it, than for the comfort of the poor
 creatures who are dependent upon it for their
 support. The first years of Mark Smelton's life
 were passed under the charge of one of the most
 miserly of the pauper-contractors, with a few su-
 perannuated invalids, a harmless old lunatic, and a
 gibbering idiot, for companions.

When Mark had arrived at the age of twelve,
 he was a fine, intelligent lad, notwithstanding the
 disadvantages under which he had labored. His
 tyrannical master had been obliged to send him
 to the district school for about three months in
 each year, and he had made the best use of the
 opportunities thus afforded him for instruction.
 Through his intercourse with other boys, although
 that was attended with indescribable humiliations,
 in consequence of his position as a "town pauper,"
 he had learned something of the world about
 him, and had listened to stories of boys, as friend-
 less as himself, who had, by their own unaided
 exertions, raised themselves to positions of trust
 and honor. His ambition once aroused, his
 wretched condition became insupportable to him,
 and without any definite object in view, other
 than a cheerful belief that, if he could only get to
 a large city, he would be sure to make his for-
 tune, he ran away, and, without encountering any
 remarkable adventure, managed to make his way
 to Boston, where he was fortunate enough to ob-
 tain employment on the very day of his arrival.

Mr. Morton, in whose store Mark found himself
 installed as errand-boy, was a dignified person-
 age, rather affable than otherwise, but exceed-
 ingly set in his opinions. He proved a good
 master to Mark, so far as paying him fairly was
 concerned, but he never condescended to trouble
 himself about the boy's habits or interests, ex-
 cept to exact a strict attention to his duties.

As Mark was industrious, quick and faithful, he
 soon gained the approbation of his employer, and
 although his pay was small, yet it enabled him to
 live like an emperor, as it seemed to him, when
 he contrasted his situation with what it had been
 during his miserable life under the pauper-con-
 tractor, and he considered himself undoubtedly
 on the high road to fame and fortune.

Mr. Morton had a daughter, Helen, who was
 about Mark's age, and who occasionally visited
 her father's store. She was a beautiful creature,
 and of course she seemed like a celestial being
 from another sphere to the poor boy, who, in his
 wildest dreams, had never imagined that even an
 angel could be so lovely as this graceful young
 girl.

Occasionally it occurred that Mark was sent to
 his employer's residence with some message, and
 at such times he frequently had the inestimable
 privilege of speaking to Helen, and of listening to
 the soft tones of her voice in reply. To be sure
 the conversation between the two was not really
 of a sentimental character, being limited on his
 part to the delivery of the message with which he
 had been charged, and on hers to giving him an-
 swer; but even this was enough to fill his heart
 with joy, and his imagination with bright dreams
 of the future, when he should be a man, with a
 home as elegant and inviting as that of his mas-
 ter, in which the idol of his worship, the beautiful
 Helen, should occupy the position of presiding
 divinity. These were foolish fancies, but they
 caused the friendless boy's heart to swell with
 hope and happiness, and stimulated his young
 ambition as no other impulse could.

But all Mark's splendid castles in the air were
 suddenly overthrown by an unexpected shock.
 When he had been for nearly three years in Mr.
 Morton's employ, during all of which time he had
 conducted himself in the most unexceptionable
 manner, it was discovered that some one had been
 engaged in pilfering from the stock, and from the
 nature of the theft, it was evident that the one
 who had committed the crime must have been
 an employe of the establishment. Mr. Morton
 had a large number of clerks in his service, but
 they had all come with respectable references,
 except poor Mark, who, by his own confession,
 was a runaway, and so the merchant at once made
 up his mind that the boy must be the culprit. He
 was accordingly charged with the offense, and in
 spite of his protestations of innocence, was placed
 under arrest. As not the slightest evidence could
 be produced against him, his discharge soon fol-
 lowed, but Mr. Morton was none the less con-
 vinced that he was the guilty party, and dis-
 charged him from his employ with many bitter
 reproaches. Long afterward the real thief was
 discovered, and proved to be Mr. Morton's own
 nephew, but the revelation occurred too late to be
 of any benefit to Mark, who, at this time, was
 many thousand miles away.

Crushed and disheartened at losing both his
 character and his occupation without fault of his
 own, Mark had determined to leave the country,
 and being a well-grown, hearty lad, he succeeded
 in shipping on board a vessel bound for Africa,
 and for a couple of years remained at sea. The
 brief experience he had acquired of life induced
 the belief, that to enjoy honor and respect, money
 was the one thing needed, and in his own mind
 he determined to bend his whole energies to the
 pursuit of wealth. So, while his shipmates squan-
 dered their earnings as fast as they gained them,
 Mark carefully hoarded every penny that came
 into his possession, thereby gaining the reputa-
 tion of a miser while he was yet in his teens, and
 rendering himself anything but a favorite among
 his free-handed companions. The jeers and in-
 sults he was compelled to endure in consequence
 of his economical habit did not tend to im-
 prove a disposition already soured by the injus-
 tice of which he had been the victim, and he soon
 acquired a feeling of antagonism to all the world,
 which gradually grew into confirmed misan-
 thropy.

Upon leaving the first and only vessel in which
 he ever sailed, at the expiration of his two years
 of sailor-life, he had quite a snug little sum com-
 ing to him, and was also the owner of a small col-
 lection of curiosities which he had picked up at
 various ports. These curiosities he undertook to
 dispose of in New York, where his voyage had
 terminated, and it so happened that among them
 was a variety of stuffed birds of extremely rare
 species, which attracted the attention of a natu-
 ralist, who accidentally met him with them in the
 street, and to Mark's great surprise offered him a
 price for them ten times greater than he had ever
 thought of asking.

The other articles in his collection brought such
 good prices that he determined to make a busi-
 ness of dealing in that description of merchan-
 dise. From that time he commenced boarding
 all the foreign ships that arrived, in search of
 curiosities—birds, monkeys, or anything of the
 kind that the sailors might have for sale—dis-
 posing of them on shore at a handsome profit.
 From this business, which proved highly profit-
 able, he came to buying portions of cargoes on
 speculation, and was rapidly acquiring wealth,
 when the fraudulent bankruptcy of a house which
 had acted as his bankers, and in which he had
 unlimited confidence, left him once more entirely
 penniless.

This last misfortune exerted a great influence
 upon Mark's subsequent life. It seemed to him
 that the whole world was leagued together to op-
 press and wrong him, and that, as everybody's
 hand was raised against him, it was but fair play
 for him to return wrong with hatred, and scorn
 with contempt. More determined than ever to
 succeed in his ambition to be rich, he commenced
 his struggles once again with renewed energy,
 and with a mistrust of his fellow-men which ef-
 fectually prevented any lack of caution in his
 dealings with them. He reduced his personal
 expenses to the lowest possible figure at which he
 could exist, and though fortune soon smiled upon
 him again, he continued to economize as closely
 as ever, until he became notorious for his miserly
 life and total disregard of appearances. In a
 very short time he had more than regained his
 lost ground; and the very peculiarities which
 were the cause of so much ridicule, served to give
 vogue to the belief that he was much better off
 than he really was, thus giving him credit, of
 which he was not slow to avail himself; and as
 he speculated boldly and successfully, he soon
 became really wealthy. When the late rebellion
 broke out, he had every dollar he possessed in-
 vested in cotton goods, in addition to which he
 had strained his credit to the utmost limit in the
 purchase of the same description of merchandise.
 This speculation had yielded him enormous pro-
 fits, and was followed by other operations of
 equal magnitude. He had commenced his strug-
 gles for wealth as a means of acquiring honor and
 respect, but he had long since forgotten all that
 in the excitement of the pursuit. He had accu-
 stomed himself to do without luxuries, and had
 no longer any desire for them; he had come to
 hate and despise the world, and to look upon its
 honors with contempt, and he now pursued his
 arduous labors for the mere pleasure of making
 money, and without any regard to its ultimate
 disposition.

And now, although he was still comparatively
 a young man, he found himself a millionaire.
 For some minutes he sat looking at the figures
 which had yielded him this agreeable assurance;
 but he was not accustomed to remain idle, and he
 soon locked up his books and papers, and began
 to consider how he could employ himself to the
 best advantage. All places of business were

closed, his accounts were all written up—with the
 best disposition in the world to work, there was
 nothing for him to do. He took up a newspaper,
 and running his eye over its columns, he saw
 nothing but notices of preparations for enjoying
 Christmas—of amusements, balls, excursions and
 parties. One paragraph told of a sumptuous
 dinner that charitable people were going to pro-
 vide for the newslads; others, of feasts that were
 to be given to the destitute children at the City
 Mission and other benevolent institutions. Every-
 body seemed to be taken up with schemes of
 happiness for themselves or others; and as Mark
 sat all alone in his gloomy office, it struck him as
 rather an unpleasant fact that he had no part nor
 lot in the general enjoyment. Then he went back
 in his mind to the few bright days of his boyhood,
 when misfortune, for a time, had apparently for-
 gotten him; and he remembered that Mr. Mor-
 ton had always given him a dollar on Christmas
 Day, and that there had been an undefinable
 feeling of gratification in the acceptance of these
 Christmas gifts, altogether disproportionate to
 the value of the presents. And these recollec-
 tions brought to mind his own errand-boy, Char-
 ley. Mark employed no clerk; but his business
 required that there should be some one to stay in
 his office when he was away, and receive or de-
 liver messages; and he had lately engaged this
 boy, at a trifling salary, to act in the capacity of
 clerk and messenger, though he called him an
 errand-boy, for fear more ambitious titles might
 be suggestive of better pay. Charley was a
 bright, pleasant-faced, cheerful boy, who had
 proved himself faithful and assiduous in his sim-
 ple duties, and who had, by his impulsive, frank,
 generous nature, won more of his employer's
 good will than had been bestowed upon any
 other being for many years. Mark remembered
 that when, the night previous, he had left the of-
 fice, the boy had bid him good-night, and wished
 him a merry Christmas, with a display of kind
 feeling, which even he was obliged to believe gen-
 uine, and he wondered if Charley had not ex-
 pected a Christmas gift, and whether, if he had
 given him one, it would have afforded Charley as
 much pleasure as Mr. Morton's presents had af-
 farded him on those Christmas Days which
 seemed to him to have belonged almost to another
 state of existence. A dollar was not a very great
 sum—he almost wished that he had given Char-
 ley a dollar for his Christmas; but now, of course,
 it was too late.

Mr. Smelton locked up his office and passed
 into the street. The business portion of the city
 was quite deserted; and as he came up-town,
 everybody that he saw seemed to be in a hurry,
 as if some very inviting or very pressing engage-
 ments awaited them; and it struck him that he
 had never seen so many smiling countenances
 in his life as he met on his way to his desolate lodg-
 ing. It was dark by the time he reached his
 room, and, as he lighted the gas which revealed
 to him the discomforts of his gloomy den, for the
 first time it occurred to him that perhaps he could
 afford a little better accommodation for himself.
 As he prepared and ate his scanty dinner, his
 thoughts wandered back to the days when he,
 too, had an interest in Christmas, and when his
 young heart was as full of kind feelings and gen-
 erous impulses. He really wished that he had
 given Charley that dollar.

While the millionaire was discontentedly medi-
 tating in his lonely apartment, Charley, the poor
 errand-boy, was enjoying his Christmas with all
 the zest which youth, hope, and contentment
 could give to the occasion. Mrs. Morrison, his
 mother, was a lady of education and refinement,
 who had been accustomed to every luxury, until
 the sudden death of her husband, who left his
 affairs in a disordered condition, reduced her from
 affluence to poverty. But she had a brave heart
 and a loving soul, and all the family after their
 great loss drew closer together in their affections,
 and found a new happiness in working for each
 other. Mrs. Morrison had saved a small amount
 of money from the wreck of her husband's for-
 tune, the interest of which was sufficient to pay
 the rent of a comfortable floor in a decent neigh-
 borhood. In her days of prosperity she had
 gained some reputation as an amateur artist in
 water-colors, and the exercise of this accomplish-
 ment was now turned to advantage in adding to
 the contents of her slender purse. But her daugh-
 ter Helen, a lovely girl of twenty, was the main-
 stay of the family, as she was an accomplished
 music-teacher, who had been fortunate enough to
 secure more pupils than she could well attend to;
 and now her younger sister, Emma, through her
 influence, was gradually making her way in the
 same vocation. Our friend Charley was able to
 add something to the common fund through his
 situation in Mr. Smelton's office, and little Freddy,
 the youngest of the flock, was the only one in the
 whole family who did not contribute something
 to its maintenance. On this special Christmas
 Day the occasion had been celebrated with un-
 usual spirit, as never since Mr. Morrison's death
 had they been so prosperous as this time. Helen,
 who had a magnificent soprano voice, had just
 received an offer of a handsome salary to sing in
 a church choir, a position which would not inter-
 fere at all with her profitable occupation of teach-
 ing; and Charley was delighted with his pros-
 pects, as he considered that the fact of having
 gained the good will of so wealthy a man as his
 employer could not fail to be the steppingstone
 to a prosperous career. They had done justice
 to a glorious dinner, and the young folks were
 now engaged in some lively game, while the proud
 and happy mother sat by and watched the happi-
 ness of her children with unalloyed satisfaction.

All at once the joyous group were startled by
 the entrance of a visitor, who, to the unbounded
 astonishment of all present, proved to be no other
 than Charley's employer, the wealthy Mr. Smel-
 ton. The young gentleman, as soon as his sur-
 prise would permit him, hastened to introduce
 the millionaire to his mother and sisters, who re-
 ceived him with great respect, altho-

wardly wondered what could have occasioned his visit. His shabby appearance caused them no astonishment, however, as his peculiarities in regard to dress were well-known to all the family. Mr. Smelton, on his part, betrayed a good deal of embarrassment, especially upon being introduced to Helen, whose name called up memories which had long been buried. But he soon recovered his self-possession, and informed Mrs. Morrison of the object of his visit. He had forgotten, in the perplexities of business, so he said, to make Charley any Christmas present, as he had intended, and so he had called upon them to repair the omission before the day should have fully expired. So saying, he handed Master Charley a crisp five-dollar bill, which, it is needless to say, was received with profuse and heartfelt acknowledgments.

"How basely has this man been misrepresented by the world," thought Mrs. Morrison, "for surely, with such cares as he must have, the fact that he has taken the trouble to seek out my boy for such a purpose, shows that he must be the possessor of a generous heart, and all the stories of his avarice and greed can only have arisen from misconceptions, induced by his eccentricities of dress and manner," and her eyes filled with tears as she addressed him a few words of acknowledgment for his thoughtful consideration toward her child.

The emotion displayed by Mrs. Morrison produced a singular effect upon Mr. Smelton, and he turned his eyes in some confusion toward Helen, only to meet a glance which caused him to thrill in every nerve, and unsettle him completely. He had never been accustomed to such looks, and that they produced an extraordinary effect upon him may be imagined from the reckless manner in which he proceeded to express himself.

"Mrs. Morrison," said the miser, "I should hardly have presumed to disturb your little family for so trifling a matter as the gratuity which I have given your son, but I have something further to say, which I thought might add to the pleasure of your Christmas. Charley has conducted himself in a manner to meet my hearty approbation since he has been in my employ, and after New Year's I intend to double his salary."

It is needless to say that Mr. Smelton was a popular man with that family after making this announcement. The gratified mother fairly broke down in her attempt to express her feelings; Charley was perfectly wild with delight; Emma and little Freddy found ways to manifest their entire satisfaction with Mr. Smelton, while Helen, who was tenderly attached to her brother, flushed and happy at the praises bestowed upon her darling, lavished such bewitching smiles upon the visitor, that his heart at once became sensible of an influence which was not only entirely new, but delightful beyond anything he had ever experienced. As he manifested no haste to take his departure, all the members of the family vied with each other in their efforts to entertain him. Helen opened her piano, a relic of more prosperous days, and, accompanied by her sister, sang and played for him. Mrs. Morrison, who was possessed of rare conversational powers, exerted them with the happiest effect, and, enlivened by the charms of music and agreeable conversation, the most delightful evening that Mark Smelton had ever known passed only too rapidly away.

When the young millionaire left this pleasant little family party to seek his dreary lodgings he was a changed man. The occurrences of this Christmas night had caused a complete revolution in his character. All at once, and for the first time, he had experienced the effects of three of the most elevating influences that it is possible to conceive; namely, the blessedness of giving, the pure enjoyments of a happy home, and the indescribable ecstasy of love. The first glance of Helen's bright eyes had accomplished his fate—an evening spent in her society had made him her most devoted worshiper. As he wended his way homeward, from his inmost heart he poured out his grateful thanks to the kind Providence that had permitted him this revelation of a higher state of existence, and he went to his bed with his mind teeming with projects for a new life, which should have some more noble aim than a mere sordid groveling for lucre.

The next day, in the street, men whom Mark Smelton had been accustomed to deal with every day passed him without the slightest token of recognition on their part. He had cast aside his shabby clothing and was dressed, not foppishly, but as became a man of his means and position, while a new intelligence that beamed in his countenance gave an amiable and pleasing expression to features which had hitherto been always contracted and forbidding. He strode along with an elastic step and jaunty air, and appeared at least twenty years younger than he had looked a week before. And all his miserly habits and penurious ways went with the livery of avarice, which he had discarded forever.

Mr. Smelton industriously followed up the acquaintance so happily commenced with the Morrisons, and it will readily be imagined that in his new character he appeared to greater advantage than on the occasion of his first introduction to that pleasant family circle. At all events he must have succeeded in making a favorable impression upon Miss Helen, for that beautiful and accomplished young lady has promised to become his wife, and the wedding is to be celebrated as soon as a splendid mansion, which the bridegroom has purchased, can be made ready for the reception of the happy pair.

Revenge Extraordinary.

LOMBARD STREET in 1837; the firm of Overplus & Co., bankers; the time, eleven o'clock in the morning; clerks busy, partners worried, public confidence in the stability of monetary concerns in general, and of the aforesaid house in particular, exceedingly shaky, sundry large sums withdrawn quietly, and, as it were, by stealth, by certain cautious individuals, whose interpretation of the signs of the times was general panic, universal crash, and widespread ruin. In fact, uneasiness characterized every soul connected with the firm of Overplus & Co., from the most recent addition to the staff of employees, a red-haired, gaunt, cadaverous Scotch lad, to the venerable, white-haired cashier. Day by day, gold, a rich yellow stream of the precious metal, flowed out from the bankers' coffers, to be replaced by notes new and crisp—notes faded and thumb-marked—notes crossed, twisted, crumpled—notes from five pounds to five hundred pounds, indiscriminately cast together, representing the exact depreciation of the credit of the celebrated firm. As yet, however, nothing like a run had taken place upon the bank: these spasmodic acts of too prudent clients were but heavy squalls premonitory of the coming

tempest, the shrill whistle preparatory to the roar of the hurricane, the cry of the drowning, the settling down of the gallant ship in the turbid waters of bankruptcy. By skillful pilotage and careful handling, the vessel might yet weather the storm—yet reach a haven of safety. Nevertheless, on this particular morning, affairs looked exceedingly black, the horizon was overcast with angry clouds, the master mariners held counsel together as to the wisest course to pursue in the presence of impending danger.

"Fifty thousand pounds! Too bad, too bad!" remarked the stately patriarchal head of the firm, leaning back wearily in his chair.

"Black ingratitude!" exclaimed the junior partner, a handsome, intellectual-looking fellow, whose lips were quivering with emotion, as, leaning over the table, he scrutinized the check for the above-named sum, which had been presented for payment that morning.

"No gratitude where money is concerned, Harley. The fellow is indebted to our generosity for his very existence, yet he shows no mercy."

"By my life, if I ever get a chance, let him look out—I'll beggar him!" cried the young man fiercely, his brows contracting with anger, whilst he clinched his white hand in pugilistic vehemence.

"Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord!" remarked the old man, solemnly. "Let us rather strive to extricate ourselves from our difficulty, than invoke evil on our fellow-creatures. A few more such drafts, and the credit of the house will hardly sustain the shock."

Though outwardly so calm, so tranquil in the presence of threatening ruin, the clear blue eye of the senior partner expressed the intensity of the grief brooding in his soul, as the first vibrations of the earthquake which might hurl down the splendid edifice reared by energy, perseverance, and unrivaled skill, seemed to warn him of the approaching catastrophe. The tightness of the money-market, the impossibility of negotiating loans sufficient to meet the emergency, the general condition of distress in financial circles, the disposition to hoard in preference to speculate, a sure symptom of the deterioration of credit in seasons of disturbance: all these causes combined to render the position of the firm one of extreme peril, should the present uneasy, restless feeling of depositors assume the aspect of a run. Whilst the junior partner of the firm remained thoughtfully silent after the chief had spoken, a tall, stout man of florid complexion entered the room, exclaiming: "Well this is carrying the joke too far! Here's a draft from Gunion & Co. for eighty thousand pounds. Confound them!"

An exclamation, almost a groan, escaped the lips of the senior partner, whilst an audible backward blessing burst from the lips of the fiery junior. "The mean-spirited hounds! These are the very men to whom we advanced twenty thousand not a month ago to save their credit." "Have you succeeded in negotiating the loan with Messrs. Mantel, Ferguson?" asked the senior partner, calmly. "No; they will not advance a stiver on any terms." The heads of the firm regarded each other in blank dismay. "How long can we hold out, Ferguson?" asked Harley of his portly coadjutor. "Really can't say. If the mob rush in, we must throw up the cards," replied the usually cheerful Ferguson, moodily.

A knock at the door interrupted the conference. "Come in," cried Harley, impatiently. The door opened, and the cashier presented himself, with a profound bow, to the three priests of Mammon.

"Well, Markham, what is it?" inquired Harley, brusquely.

"Five hundred thousand pounds paid in by Sir Anthony Griphall," returned the cashier, simply. The heads of the firm regarded each other in silent astonishment. This large sum of money placed at their disposal, at the very nick of time, when, by its judicious use, ruin might be averted, the crisis bridged over, the credit of the house saved! The impetuous Harley first broke the silence.

"A godsend, by Jove! A miracle!"

"Queer, certainly," remarked Ferguson. "What some people would call an interposition of Providence. The fact is, I suppose, that old Griphall stands to lose the half-million or over by the crash of the Lombard firm."

The senior partner looked grave; the boon conferred by the celebrated millionaire might relieve his mind, but the circumstance was not altogether soothing to his pride. On the other hand, the baronet might not be acquainted with the peculiarly unsatisfactory condition of the firm, consequently could not dream of the benefit it would derive from this deposit of half a million of cash.

"Whatever may be Sir Anthony's reason, gentlemen, nothing can be more opportune than the placing of this amount of cash at our disposal. A few hours more will decide, not perhaps our fate—I trust there is no real danger of that—but whether we are to be subject to the infliction of a run, which we are ill-prepared at present to meet," remarked the venerable head of the firm with an air of some self-gratulation.

At that moment, another knock at the door announced a visitor, the command to enter being followed by the immediate appearance of the laik, raw-boned, large-featured Scotch clerk, the butt of the employees, the standing joke of the younger branches of the establishment, and a youth looked upon with no very favorable eyes by the superior officers of the bank.

"Well, what do you want?" inquired Harley, with a slight sneer on his handsome lips. The Scotchman, whose awe in the presence of the magnates somewhat disturbed his equanimity, stood twisting his thumbs and shuffling his feet in a highly nervous state; but his clear gray eyes maintained, nevertheless, that sort of independence and mastery of his thoughts indicative of a shrewd, able, determined mind.

"I have a communication to make—" "Then make it at once!" exclaimed Harley, angrily. "Let the poor lad alone, Harley, muttered the good-natured Ferguson to his irascible partner. The Scotchman, however, fixed his keen eyes on the head of the firm, and continued: "This half-million just paid in by a gentleman representing Anthony Griphall is a plot—" "A what?" cried Harley.

"A plot, a dodge, designed to bring ruin upon the firm, gentlemen!" replied the Scotchman, emphatically.

The effect of this statement upon the three partners was electrical: the two younger men, with incredulity and wrath stamped on their features, seemed about to imprecate the venturesome youngster to the manes of Libel; but the senior turned deadly pale.

"This is a very serious statement, young man,"

said the latter, solemnly. "How are you prepared to substantiate it?"

The countenance of the clerk clouded, a look of doubt, fear, and perplexity assuaged ill for that candidly to be expected on such a momentous occasion.

"Gentlemen," he said, after a short pause, during which his emotion was painfully visible to the experienced glances of his superiors. "I must throw myself upon your generosity. How I became possessed of this secret, I cannot reveal. I have felt it my duty to warn you of the true nature of this transaction. I can vouch for the accuracy of my statement; but time can alone prove its truth. Within one fortnight from this date, every penny of that half-million will be withdrawn at once draft. Gentlemen, I implore you to be careful."

The earnestness with which this address was delivered; the entire conviction clearly manifested in his manner that what he stated was the simple fact; and above all, the absence of any conceivable motive on his part for concocting such an extraordinary falsehood, produced a singular effect upon his hearers.

"What the d—do you mean? Where did you learn this riddle of nonsense?" asked the contemptuous Harley.

"I am not at liberty to say, sir," returned the clerk, respectfully but firmly.

"But, man, you don't expect us to listen to such a cock-and-bull story without a tithe of corroborative evidence!" said Ferguson, suddenly facing round, and endeavoring to stare the poor fellow out of countenance. If such were the intention, it utterly failed; the whole soul of the clerk was concentrated in one strenuous desire to have his word of warning heeded by the senior partner, and his gray eyes were fastened eagerly upon the venerable face of that dignitary.

In answer to the query of the last speaker, he merely said:

"I have done my duty, sir; I can do no more."

The head of the firm turned to the cashier, who had remained a silent but interested spectator of the foregoing scene, his eye intently scrutinizing the hard, coarse features of the Scotchman, as if reading as in a book the workings of his mind.

"What is your opinion of this affair, Markham?" asked the former.

The cashier bowed, as was his wont when addressing the arch-priest of Mammon; and taking the pen from behind his ear, as if by twirling it in his fingers to balance his ideas, replied:

"It is a mysterious case, sir, certainly. This young man seems to me to have acted very properly in thus coming forward, provided, of course, that his statement be true. On that point, I am of opinion, from my knowledge of his integrity, honesty, and general good conduct, that it is true thus far—namely, that he is fully persuaded of its truth. The grounds upon which his opinion has been formed are not shown, consequently, the question appears to me to be—whether, sir, you can have sufficient confidence in his judgment to act upon his warning; or whether, taking into consideration the high character, and so forth, of Sir Anthony Griphall, you would not be justified in setting aside this accusation, as the result of a misconception, or what not, of the real facts, on the part of this young man."

The cashier had commenced life as a lawyer's clerk, hence the logical style of his speech, which had a very diverse effect upon the three principals.

"Confound the fellow! Send him to the right-about with his twaddle and tomfoolery," cried Harley, eying the delinquent with no kindly glance.

"The cash would set us square again!" remarked Ferguson, thoughtfully.

"Gentlemen," said the senior partner, raising himself in his chair with an air of decision, "I cannot agree with you. The risk is too tremendous to be lightly run. At present, as far as we can judge, there is no immediate danger to our credit; with the exception of that heavy draft of Messrs. Gunion & Co.'s, the morning has passed quietly. I must insist upon exercising my authority as head of this firm. The circumstances, I allow, are extraordinary, but capable of easy solution. The young man states that within one fortnight from this date the whole of this money will be withdrawn, with the intention of utterly ruining our credit, since, in these times and under these difficulties, were we to appropriate this large sum, the probabilities of our being able to meet such a draft are very problematical indeed. If, then, this occurs of which he has warned us, he merits reward and gratitude; if his story turns out to be false, he receives his discharge. Meanwhile, I need hardly impress upon your minds, gentlemen, the necessity of keeping this communication a close secret. As to the money, you will place it in a separate chest, Markham; label it, and see that not a farthing of it is touched till the period of probation has elapsed. Young man, you may leave us."

The firm of Overplus & Co. still floated; boisterous were the waves, high the winds, crippled the vessel, but, yet on that sea of disaster, like a noble bark under jury-masts, rode the once stately house of the venerable banker. Here a crash, and there a crash—here ruin, and there a wreck. Around and afar off, the sound of falling edifices rang the knell of others, each involving its fellow in remorseless doom. Each day dawn brought fresh tidings of credit shattered, enterprises collapsed, banks smashed; whilst, athwart the gloom, like a flash of forked lightning, the horrid glare of suicide struck consternation in the public mind. Amid the hurly-burly of commercial disaster, the high character of the senior partner, his strict probity, his known resources, and acknowledged skill in controlling the storm, and piloting his craft through the shoals and quicksands of finance, had enabled the firm to hold its own, and by opposing a cool, calm front to panic, to inspire confidence in the minds of the most timid. A remarkable instance of this occurred during the very heat of the conflict between caution and confidence. A gentleman entered the bank one morning with the intention of withdrawing a considerable sum, urged to take this step by the solicitations of his wife. The senior partner noticed his appearance, came forward and greeted him. The gentleman, prepared for war, hardened his heart against an appeal for mercy, and thought of his wife. To his astonishment, the head of the firm, addressing one of the paying cashiers, requested him to attend to the individual in question directly, adding:

"Plenty of money, my dear sir—plenty in the cellars: no inconvenience in the world!" an assumption of unconcern which so operated upon the mind of the client, that he bowed himself out, preferring to encounter a certain lecture, to stultifying his own judgment as to the stability of the firm of Overplus & Co. Still, the inconvenience and anxiety to the partners was almost intolerable; and as day after day passed, and Sir

Anthony gave no sign, whilst, to the chagrin and mortification of Harley, the cash which would have instantly relieved them of all trouble was lying untouched in the coffers, that gentleman vented his spleen upon the unfortunate Scotchman, leading him such a life of misery as only the consciousness of rectitude, and perhaps the desire of triumph over his adversary, could alone have enabled him to sustain. Whatever provocation the clerk might have given, however disagreeable the warning to the sanguine junior partner, yet it redounded little to the credit of the latter that he should have gazed over the approaching misery of dismissal, which seemed the inevitable consequence of the Scotchman's falsehood. But Harley seemed to have taken a personal view of the matter; the true reason of his bitterness against M'Adam being the deference paid to his story by the head of the firm, and the adoption by that sagacious veteran of an antagonistic line of policy. So far had Harley carried this feeling, that on several occasions of pressing danger he had boldly advocated the appropriation of a portion of the baronet's deposit to meet the emergency; but in vain; his coadjutor remained firm; and even Ferguson expressed a doubt as to the advisability of meddling with the money till the appointed time had expired. Such was the state of affairs on the morning of the eventful day which was to decide the future of M'Adam. The partners were assembled in solemn conclave, ready to pass sentence on the culprit, or to congratulate themselves on an escape from certain destruction.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Harley, mockingly, "that young scoundrel has been playing a deep game, depend upon it. On my life, I believe the fellow is a spy, a sneaking, Jesuitical hypocrite, who has been doing his utmost to ruin us!"

"You are too hard upon the poor fellow," remarked Ferguson, a kind-hearted, generously disposed man. "As Markham said, even if the affair does not turn out as M'Adam anticipated, reasons for his statement may be valid."

"Valid or not, I stick to my text. Either he gives us satisfactory evidence of this plot, this very day, or he leaves our service," said Harley, haughtily.

"I agree with Ferguson; you are unjust to this Scotch lad. Let us be thankful that our credit has been upheld without the aid of this money. I cannot believe that M'Adam has been actuated by any but good motives," remarked the senior partner.

"You are both blind, completely blind, to the fact of the case: I believe, on my conscience, that the fellow put us off with this trumped-up story, solely to prevent our utilizing the cash," persisted Harley.

"I'll tell you what it is, Harley," said Ferguson, promptly. "I'll bet you a thousand pounds that this fellow clears himself, either by the actual event, or by satisfactory explanation."

"Done!" cried the fiery junior.

"Gentlemen, you forget yourselves: this is no place for gambling," remarked the head of the firm, rebukingly. "Come: let us dismiss the subject, and proceed to business."

Scarcely, however, had the trio commenced their labors when the cashier entered the room. "Well, Markham, what is it?" inquired the senior partner, removing his glasses from his nose, and leaning back in his chair.

"A draft for five hundred thousand pounds from Sir Anthony Griphall," said the cashier, quietly.

The partners glanced at each other, astounded. "Eh? you're joking, surely?" exclaimed Harley, whose face wore a somewhat sheepish, crest-fallen expression.

"Here it is, sir; you can inspect it yourself."

The senior partner was deeply moved; his venerable, kindly visage clouded over with just indignation, not unmingled with alarm; but gradually anger at the base treachery of the renowned firm of Griphall overcame all considerations of prudence.

"Pay the money, Markham, every farthing, just as they sent it. Let me know when the clerk is ready to leave."

"Well, Harley, how do you feel? A trifle lighter?" exclaimed Ferguson, as the cashier retired.

"Yes, I confess that I was wrong. What a dastardly trick of that shriveled-up old scamp, Sir Anthony!"

"A cruel, cruel plot, Harley," said the head of the firm, sadly. "But for the warning given us, it would have been but too successful." "No doubt of it—not a shadow of doubt about it," agreed Ferguson. "The old rascal ought to be horsewhipped. A thousand, wasn't it, Harley? Ha, ha!"

The cashier announced that Sir Anthony's clerk was preparing to leave with the cash. The head of the firm passed into the outer office, and confronted the clerk of the renowned millionaire.

"Tell Sir Anthony, with my compliments, that he has not succeeded in effecting the ruin of his earliest benefactor," said the old man, sternly; then, taking no further heed of the astonished messenger, retraced his steps into his sanctum, after beckoning the Scotchman, M'Adam, to follow him. Having seated himself, he addressed the latter: "We are much indebted to you, Mr. M'Adam, for saving us from a very unpleasant predicament; but before expressing our sense of the obligation under which we labor, in a practical manner, we should wish to learn from your lips the source whence you obtained your information requisite to put us on our guard."

"From my sister's husband, sir, who is a clerk in the employ of the baronet, and who will certainly be discharged, now that the secret of the plot is made known."

"We will provide for him," remarked the senior partner, shortly. "Well, sir, what else?"

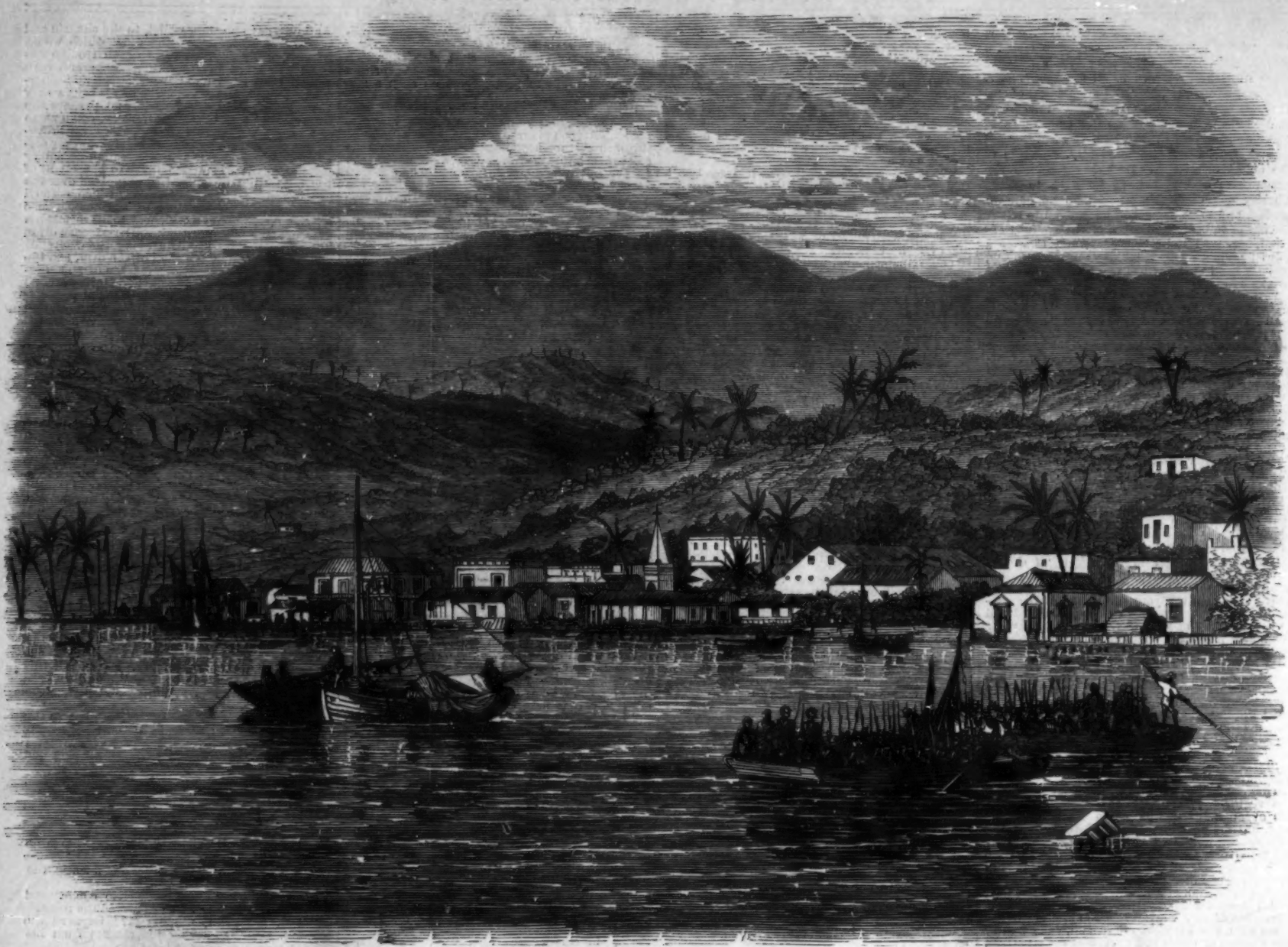
"My brother-in-law was dining at a coffee-house in Chancery, when he overheard a conversation between the baronet's confidential clerk and the baronet's nephew, implying the intention of Sir Anthony to ruin you, if possible; this being in revenge for a slight you once put upon him in the Stock Exchange, many years ago. My brother felt it to be his duty to mention the circumstance to me, under a promise not to reveal his name, in order that I might put you on your guard, sir?"

"How will this affect your brother-in-law?" asked Harley.

"He was seen by the two gentlemen, and though he appeared wholly unconscious of their presence, their suspicious were evidently aroused; in fact, they have kept their eyes upon him ever since."

"We shall not forget you, Mr. M'Adam," remarked the head of the firm, as he signed the young man to retire.

Nor did he forget him; for, within a few years of the extraordinary attempt to ruin the firm of Overplus & Co. by Sir Anthony Griphall, the name of Hector M'Adam was enrolled among the partners of that once more flourishing concern; the next junior, Harley, having atoned for his harshness by supporting the Scotchman's interests on every possible occasion.



THE REVOLUTION IN CUBA—VIEW OF THE PORT OF MANZANILLO, ON THE SOUTHERN SHORE OF THE ISLAND—DISSEMBARKATION OF SPANISH TROOPS.

The Revolution in Cuba—View of Manzanillo—Disembarkation of Spanish Troops.

SO APPARENT it is that Cuba, in good time, will become a part of the territory of our Republic, and, from the events now transpiring in that island and in Spain so near seems the period of that addition to our national household, that it has become proper for the people of the United States to study a little the attributes and peculiarities of that gem of the Antilles. We have prepared a number of views of the cities, fortifications, and scenery of Cuba, which we shall publish as our space will permit. In this number we have prepared the scene of a recent conflict between the revolutionists and the Spanish troops. It was at Yara, a village about six miles from Manzanillo, that, on the 11th of last October, the revolution may be said to have first taken the form of armed resistance to the authorities. A few days later, the insurrectionists took possession of the important inland town of Bayamo, and established there a Government, with Senor Cespedes, a wealthy lawyer and planter, as its chief. Since that time the contending parties have been engaged in various military movements and conflicts, the exact results of which have been disguised by the reticence of the Government, and the obstacles opposed to the transmission of correct information. The arrival from Spain of General Dulce, the new Captain-General, with reinforcements, will probably lead to more decisive operations; but it is evident, despite the endeavor to conceal the truth, that the elements of revolution are powerful, and sufficiently well organized to render the struggle one of at least doubtful issue.

Hon. Samuel B. Garvin, Justice of the New York Superior Court.

JUDGE GARVIN is a native of Otsego county, in this State, and is about fifty-two years of age.

In early life he removed to Oneida county, where he entered upon the practice of his profession, and soon acquired considerable prominence both in law and in politics. For several years he held the office of District-Attorney for Oneida county, and in 1853 he was appointed by President Pierce United States District-Attorney for the Northern District of New York, and in those positions he won the respect and esteem of all who had official intercourse with him.

Upon retiring from the office of United States District-Attorney, he removed to New York, where he resumed the practice of the law. His ability and experience as a public prosecutor soon brought him to the notice of District-Attorney Waterbury, who tendered him the position of Assistant District-Attorney, which office he held for about two years. In that position he conducted the trial of many important cases, and made self conspicuous by the zeal and ability



HON. SAMUEL B. GARVIN, JUSTICE OF THE NEW YORK SUPERIOR COURT—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

with which he prosecuted the indictments against the rioters in 1863.

In the fall of that year he received the Democratic nomination for Justice of the Superior Court, and was elected by a large majority.

Since he has been on the Bench, Judge Garvin has been recognized by the Bar and the public as an upright magistrate, an able jurist, and a courteous gentleman. His natural modesty, and a certain degree of indolence, have prevented him from occupying as prominent a position in the eyes of the public as some of his colleagues, yet those who know him and have watched his course, will do him the justice to say that every duty which has devolved upon him has been most ably and creditably performed. He was the presiding Judge on the trial of the celebrated Strong divorce case, and by his conduct on that occasion, his rulings, his charge, his dignity, and delicacy of feeling, won golden opinions from all parties.

Judge Garvin at present attracts special notice from the fact that it seems to be conceded that, soon after the 1st of January, he will resign his seat on the Bench, and will receive from Governor Hoffman the appointment of District-Attorney for this city, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the election of Hon. A. Oskey Hall to the Mayoralty. Should such prove to be the case, the public may be sure that the same ability, fidelity, and integrity, which have been conspicuous in Judge Garvin's past career, will continue to be displayed by him in the arduous and responsible office to which the tongue of rumor assign him.

Fine Arts—"Meadow Lands," by Jas. M. Hart, N. A.

THIS painting, now in the possession of Mr. Frank Leslie, is one of the most successful creations of the accomplished artist, James M. Hart. It represents one of the little valleys running back from the shore of Cayuga Lake. The scene is one of midsummer, at noonday. The quiet, restful feeling of that hour and season is admirably portrayed, and an indefinable charm speaks from the glowing canvas, and tells the simple tale of nature wrapped in its summer-day indolence, and inviting respite from toil and care. Our engraving of course lacks color to reproduce this effect or lifelessness and repose, but the character of the picture is well preserved.

This fine work of art came into Mr. Leslie's possession in the following manner: It was offered as a premium to the patrons of the Derby Athenaeum, 690 Broadway, a new Institution devoted to Literature and Art. The purchaser of five dollars' worth of books receives a ticket in the monthly distribution of works of art. The grand prize for the first distribution was Mr. Hart's painting, valued at \$2,500. Mr. Leslie having purchased a valuable book, "Picture Galleries of New York," worth \$40, received eight tickets, and one of these, 1,150, proved to be the fortunate number.



SEAL SHOOTING ON THE COAST OF LABRADOR, BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. DECKER.

England, returning late in the fall. When the season chances to be good, large fortunes are often made; but sometimes these expeditions result in a dead loss. The seal-hunting is often very profitable, the animals being sought for chiefly for the oil, and, as represented in our engraving, are shot with blunderbusses while playing around their breathing-holes.

William S. and Sheppard A. Mount.

In publishing the portraits of two brothers, who, recently and within a few days of each other, have been summoned by death from the scene of their artistic labors, we find no obituary more suitable than the earnest and simple tribute of a correspondent of the *Evening Post* of this city, who gives the following reminiscences of the twain:

As the friends of these true and finely-tempered rural artists have recently thrown upon their graves amaranths of memories, I may as well add mine, while recent death quickens the regard for all that belongs to spiritual and effective life.

My acquaintance with the Mounts began about 1834, when they were beginning life in earnest, and painting all round the circle in New York and on Long Island. They were men when boys, in those qualities of judgment which keep boys from vices, and they were boys when men, in preservation of the free, confiding, and charming qualities of the boy nature. I never knew two more genuine men nor genuine artists to the extent of their peculiar aptitudes.

That is to say, they were conscientious, beyond the power of money, and devoted to that single truth of nature which admits of no school but nature herself. Thus they were not in any sense imitators of other painters, nor can their works be said to have any personal peculiarities, and, least of all, affectations.

In my opinion, Sheppard was the more intellectual



THE LATE SHEPPARD A. MOUNT, N. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEO. G. ROCKWOOD.

Seal Shooting on the Coast of Labrador, British North America.

WINTER and dreary enough is the scene represented in our engraving. The coast of Labrador is almost throughout, rugged, bleak, and desolate in the extreme. The inhabitants, consisting chiefly of Esqui-



DOCTOR DAVID LIVINGSTONE, THE CELEBRATED AFRICAN EXPLORER.—SEE PAGE 254.

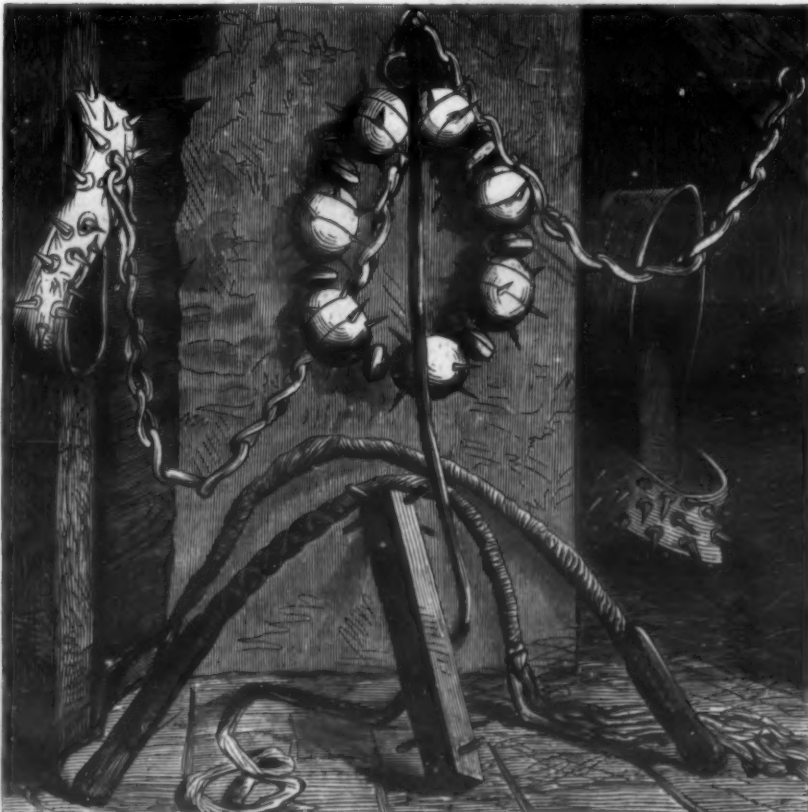
maux, subsist principally by hunting and fishing; but every year great numbers of fishing vessels arrive, both from the British dominions and the United States, and profit by the valuable fisheries along the coast.

Early in the spring, these fishermen start from Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Canada, and the States of New

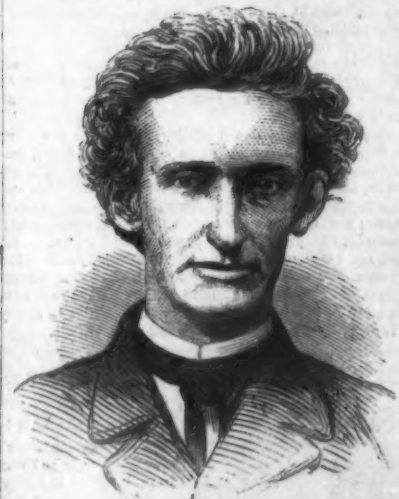


THE LATE WILLIAM S. MOUNT, N. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEO. G. ROCKWOOD.

man, and had the best theoretical knowledge of art. In conversation he was one of the best instructors, from the directness and force of his ideas. Both of the brothers disdained the use of all terms which indicated learning rather than meaning. They were men (rare in art) who knew exactly what they meant, and could impart it.



IMPLEMENTS USED IN TRAINING DOGS FOR FIGHTING.—SEE PAGE 254.



HON. JAMES HINDS, OF ARKANSAS, ASSASSINATED NEAR INDIAN RAY, OCT. 22.—SEE PAGE 254.

But William, with but little of the power of verbal wit, had the nicest appreciation of that delicate humor which bubbles up everywhere in happy life, and his pencil could catch it with a stroke as felicitous as that of the pen of Goldsmith. His sketches are, therefore, full of actual life and piquant character. In drawing

he was a "dead shot." I hold in valued ownership a sketch of a venerable lady, made by him in pencil at a single sitting, where he had no occasion to change a single line, and which is yet more faithful than a daguerreotype. His sketch-books were full of lively things, caught up as he saw them, but which he never took the pains to elaborate.

As an instance of his slavishness to truth, a lady told me of his coming into her room while she was amusing herself with a spaniel she had taught to sit upright. Mount took out his sketch-book and essayed to sketch him. Just as he had completed all but the position of one leg, the animal dropped. As he could not be induced to sit again, Mount declared his sketch spoiled. It was in vain that the lady urged him to add the little required from memory. He would not risk falsehood in a line or a hair.

Where Mount had the stimulus of love or friendship, his pictures came easily; but money, of which his moderate life demanded little, seemed to be no great object with him. He undervalued his works, upon which the prices put by himself have more than quadrupled. A picture, recently sold in the Ovens collection for \$400, was said in the *Evening Post*, upon information derived from Sheppard Mount, to have cost originally \$100. The *Setonket* paper, probably upon better information derived from William himself, stated the first cost at \$50. He liked to present pictures to his friends and to art galleries, but increased prices certainly did not command them. Of late years he had accumulated orders, but he was too conscientious to attempt to fill them. He knew as well as his artist friends that his nerves had relaxed. For the six or eight years past, his pictures in the exhibitions of the National Academy have been very few, and many unworthy of his fame.

I must here relate an anecdote of his early time. When his fame was rising and he had but few commissions, a young and prosperous merchant of New York gave him a liberal order. While he was studying his subject, the gentleman invited him to dine with him at his residence near the Battery. After dinner they strolled with a few friends upon the Battery, engaged in unrestrained converse, when the young merchant, in the exuberance of a speech, vaunted himself somewhat upon his financial successes. "After all," said he, "Mr. Mount, you must admit that art would be nothing without money. Your motive for painting my picture is the price I give you." "Now," said Mount, "I am very sorry you said that—not that I am offended—I am not. But after such an observation I could not paint you a picture." Explanations were useless. The picture was never painted.

Sheppard A. Mount always conceded to William the palm of superiority in artistic attainments. Of late years none more lamented the paralysis of his pencil, to whatever cause it was attributable. On the other hand, I have heard William say that "Shep." could paint a better landscape than he ever could; and I fully believe it. While his chief reliance was portraits, he has painted pictures of still life which are perfect gems. Apropos of these, I have one which he entitled "Schuykill Chubs," which cannot be excelled, and which well deserves the title "still life," as, for aught I know, the fish so vividly delineated, may still be living, as the painter, after catching them and taking their form and colors upon his panel, which he took with him, turned them kindly back into the stream and they swam away. Another picture, of Long Island trout in their winter garb, is painted with remarkable spirit and fidelity. I have also a small landscape which vindicates his brother's praise.

About a month before his decease he was in Brooklyn, and gave me the great satisfaction of a visit. Never had I known his conversation to be so wise, sprightly and suggestive, upon topics of art. One conceit, which was coupled with a subtle thought, while in the room of Mr. Philip B. Harris, the eminent Brooklyn portrait painter, made us all laugh. "Portrait-painters," said he, "consider all flesh to be of their own color. Now I will not say anything of Harris or myself—but look at Elliott. He has a red face, and he contrives to give that glow to all his pictures." In the rooms of Morris & Co., on Fulton street, he saw some cattle, painted by Miss Caroline Clowes, which he commended in generous terms, saying, "She has great truth to nature, and a fine eye for color." He came into a room where a picture was hanging, which singularly interested him. It was a placid evening scene of a river reflecting the glow of the setting sun, with swallows clustering about the thatch of a ruinous old mill. As his gaze seemed to be fixed upon it, a young gentleman asked his opinion as to some of the details. "I cannot look at the details," said he. "The conception and sentiment of the picture charm me. The man who painted that picture can do great things. Do you know," said he, "that as soon as I saw it I felt that I should very much like to be the owner?" It was by Gabriel Harrison.

The criticisms of the Mounts were always generous and free from captiousness and jealousy. These expressions have value to those to whom they refer, as among the latest utterances of a true artist. Sheppard A. Mount was more fortunate than his brother in retaining his powers till the close, as manifested in his fine portrait of Admiral Baily. His affections had been sorely tried in the death of his wife, a niece of Elliott, the artist, and of a beautiful daughter in the first year of her marriage to Mr. Beane, of Brooklyn. He painted both their portraits with the tender feeling and grace becoming the objects dearest to his heart, and on the death of the latter he seemed for a time to have no motive for effort.

William remained a bachelor; but there is a story which I have heard from one who ought to know, that he was strongly attached to a beautiful and noble woman, for whom, with that unfortunate indolence and irresolution which characterized him, he did not propose; that she grew tired of waiting; that another, well worthy, did propose, was accepted, and in, as he deserves to be, very happy; that the lady, personal in youth and virtue, still irradiates a charming household circle, who might have inspired a true artist to higher achievements, instead of leaving him to marry two wives—a squeaking violin and a tin whistle.

Skating and Sledging at the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, France.

At the Bois de Boulogne, when "the ball is up," or the equivalent signal given that invites French skaters to the glorious pastime, the scene is as lively and exhilarating as any witnessed under the most favorable circumstances at Central Park in our own metropolis. There, sometimes, is beheld the rare spectacle of majesty on ice; and our picture represents, in fact, the Empress Eugenie making one of a party

— "that glide
With ringing footsteps o'er the frozen tide,"
while the Emperor urges on the sledge, upon which gracefully reclines a fair American lady, who has been invited to share the imperial sport.

The late Hon. James Hinds, of Arkansas.

The Hon. James Hinds, whose portrait we give, was assassinated near Indian Bay, Arkansas, on the 23d of October last. On that day he was announced to speak at that place, and in company with the Hon. Joseph Brooke, was approaching the town, when he was fired upon and killed.

Mr. Hinds was only thirty-four years of age at the time of his death. He was formerly a resident of Hebron, Washington county, New York, and graduated at the State Normal School at Albany. After his admission to the Bar, he went to St. Peter, Minnesota, and commenced there the practice of law. He held many positions of trust in the State, and in 1863 removed to Little Rock, Arkansas, where he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court. In 1867 he was elected to the National Congress, serving through the several sessions. Returning to Little Rock, he was a candidate for the United States Senate, and was actively employed in the interests of his party when his career was closed by the assassin's bullet.

DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, the great African explorer, so long mourned as dead by the scientific world, and by civilized communities generally, has returned to Europe, full of life, and full of hope, of vigor and resources for the prosecution of his extraordinary career as a discoverer.

David Livingstone was born in Scotland in 1814. His family was of Irish origin, and not by any means in prosperous circumstances. At ten years of age, he commenced to labor in the Bantyre works, and pursued his humble occupation for several years. Meanwhile, however, he did not neglect his education; with a perseverance that promised well for the future, he bought books with the proceeds of his economy, and passed his evenings at school.

One day he determined to study medicine, and soon the simple mechanic found himself the recipient at Glasgow of a diploma as doctor, without the protection or help of any one.

China was the first field toward which his adventurous spirit inclined. The war, however, prevented the realization of his projects, and he turned his attention to the exploration of Africa. His daring and indefatigable researches in that comparatively unknown continent, his valuable discoveries, his hairbreadth escapes, his additions to the store of geographical and scientific knowledge, are, and will be, the theme of instructive volumes, that render any details out of place in the limited space we could devote to them.

IMPLEMENTS FOR TRAINING FIGHTING DOGS.—The instruments of torture, for such their very appearance indicates them to be, of which we give an illustration, are used for the education of dogs in the art of tearing each other to pieces for the amusement of that nobler animal, man. The training, we should judge, from the implements, to be as cruel as the actual conflict, and remind us more of the relics of ancient torture-rooms, than the appliances of modern civilization.

PROBABLY the most substantial and unequivocal evidence of the value of a judicious system of advertising to business men, is furnished by the experience of the Great American Tea Company, whose headquarters are at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey street, New York, but whose branch establishments, unequalled in magnificence, are scattered far and wide in numerous localities. It is probable that the Great American Tea Company advertises more extensively than any other firm in the United States. They do so, not only with liberality, but with judgment, good taste, and a keen appreciation of the benefits to be derived from the skillful investment of money in that direction; and the result is apparent in the unexampled increase of their business, which has now attained the most extraordinary and splendid proportions. It is true that this success is partly due to the excellent quality and cheapness of their wares, and to the facilities they possess for the direct importation of immense cargoes; but we presume that they themselves will admit that their transactions have been prosperous in proportion as they have communicated with an intelligent public through the columns of largely circulated newspapers.

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A. K. Gardner, M.D., author of many important works on medicine.

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A. J. H. Duganne,

G. W. A. Bungay,

Virginia F. Townsend,

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CONTENTS.

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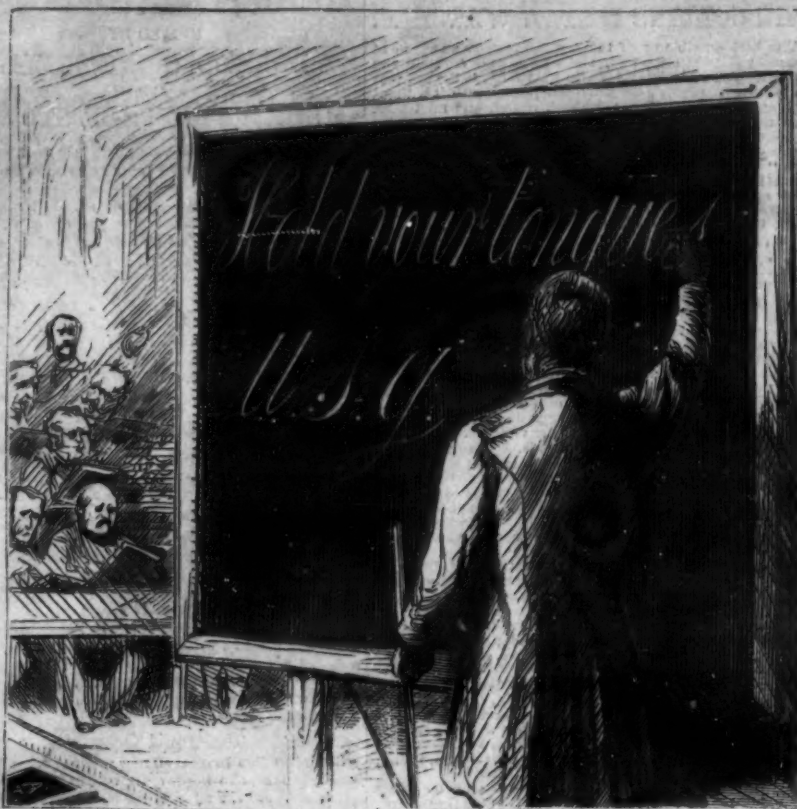
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